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**Boston Commonwealth.**

AUGUST 16, 1890.

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### OUR VISITORS.

It has been a proud week for Boston and for the Grand Army. The city has done herself honor in her cordial hospitality, and our soldier visitors appreciated their welcome. Few scenes in the history of the city have been more impressive than the long line of war-worn veterans, marching with battle-flags through streets one mass of bunting and flags and decorations. "No other city has ever given us such a welcome", said more than one enthusiastic guest. Cool weather, the presence of distinguished visitors, the men-of-war in the harbor, the memories of the city of Liberty, all combined to make the Encampment the most memorable thus far in the history of the Grand Army. California and Maine were alike represented in good-sized numbers in the marching posts. When President Harrison sailed into the harbor on board the Baltimore, the salvos of artillery, the salutes of the frigates, the waving of flags, the manning of the yards, and fleets of boats and tugs made the naval review almost as impressive as the welcome on the land. But it was the honoring of the old battle-flags, torn and shot almost into nothingness, that struck the deepest chord; though the reunions, the camp-fires, the speeches, and the martial music, have made the whole week one round of mingled festivity and joy and inspiration.

Such assemblages do every citizen good and the country good. They lift us to a higher level of national life; they teach us what love of fatherland may mean and should mean of sacrifice, and devotion, and self-denial. They give us more confidence in the deep patriotism of our people who in every time of need may be counted on to rally for the defence of the country they hold so dear. With the bickerings of party strife, we are sometimes in danger of forgetting our deeper union in our differences of opinion. It is worth while to assemble together the flower of our forty-four United States to realize that we are one people in one country.

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One of the most noticeable features of the Encampment, was the personal bearing of the men. They were not professional military, but citizen-soldiers, upright, noble, fond of peace and foes of strife. There was little intoxication and hilarity; everywhere were signs of education and good breeding. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" has been sometimes sneered at, but we are learning at last that to good soldiery trust in God is often quite as important as dry powder. Educated soldiers make the best warriors. America has no need to fear or to envy the expensive hired armies of European countries. At any moment in her need, she could raise an army that in numbers and discipline and effectiveness would soon put to defiance any combination that Europe could present. Encampment week makes us proud to be American.

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, journalist, poet, patriot,—his sudden death is a loss to more than the city in which he lived and the country whose cause he so ably served. John Boyle O'Reilly was more than a noble Irishman; he was a noble man. He fought the cause of Ireland because he was the friend of liberty and of progress for all mankind. His spirited poetry has the ring of genuine human love. The whole country grieves in the loss of the dead journalist. A life that reads like a romance has ended all too soon. One who at twenty was willing to dare and to die for the land he loved; who served her by penal labor as as a captive, and by constant devotion of eloquent tongue and gifted pen, in exile from his country—what might we not have expected still from him? But his work is not yet done. His poetic power, his patriotic glow, the spirit of his life, will live on in many an Irish heart. Protestant and Roman Catholic alike pay tribute to the noble character and the manly deeds with which he enriched the world.

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THE RIOT in the Charlestown States Prison and the rumor that the trouble is not yet over indicates that we have not reached the acme of Prison Reform. It ought not to be necessary to confine men in stifling cells where the atmosphere is in the nineties. Such treatment comes near to the horrors of the famous, or rather infamous "leads" of Venice. That it seemed necessary to put down the riot with such severity, in itself shows a wrong treatment of the prisoners. If they had been closely confined, yet fairly treated, taught some trade, given some hope and chance of future respectable life, though some miscreants might have rebelled, the whole mass would not have risen in riot, and less vigorous measures would have quelled the trouble. Reformation should be mingled with punishment.

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THE STRIKE in New York City, on the New York Central railroad, seems to have been short lived, and yet long enough to make us realize what a long strike on such a road as this would mean. It would almost paralyze trade. As it was, the short delay inconvenienced thousands of travellers, affected the stock market and delayed tons of freight. Railroad lines are the arteries of the nation's life. They ought not to be exposed to such stoppages as these. Because a private company does not treat its employes entirely to their satisfaction, a whole nation ought not to suffer. We need not too much blame the employes. Though the fault does not entirely lie upon on side, they doubtless have their grievances and can only secure settlement of them through a strike. Nevertheless for this a nation ought not suffer. Arbitration ought to be made compulsory. Or perhaps better, the nation ought to own the railroads and see that public not private interests be first served.

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THE DEATH of another great Roman Catholic, Cardinal Newman, ends a life of world-wide interest. Cardinal Newman was undoubtedly the greatest convert Rome has made in recent years. His very name brings back a controversy that seems of other days. His life, only six months short of ninety years, embraces the whole century and seems inseparable from its life. Few men have influenced English thought more than this great Oxford preacher, the acute controversialist, the gifted recluse, in his oratory at Birmingham. For twenty years he was the butt of English hatred, from Charles Kingsley down to the most prejudiced Orangeman, but his "Apologia pro Vitæ Suæ" restored him to the confidence, the veneration, almost the love, of every thinking man. To many the Tractarian movement he so largely led, seems an anachronism; an attempt to carry back the the nineteenth century to the thirteenth; yet the deep earnestness, the genuine spirituality, the religious power of the great Catholic, have won the veneration and unfeigned homage of all who realize that spirit is more than word; that life is above all creed.

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GERMANY is experiencing some trouble to-day over the inter-relation of her provinces and divisions. The different elements that go to make up the Germanic Confederation have always been afraid of the over-reaching ambition and leadership of the house of Prussia. Prussia stands for militarism. Her ambition it is to lead Germany and hence rule Germany in military power. A settled policy seems to have been followed to officer all divisions of the German army with Prussian men. Much friction has arisen on this head, but the policy is being carried out with steady purpose. The other day in Wurtemberg an officer is reported to have been cashiered because he said that in case of conflicting orders, he should obey the King of Wurtemberg rather than the Emperor of Germany. Militarism has a bad time in nineteenth century democracy. The best law is not the law of might, but the law of justice and good-will.

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A SIGNIFICANT event in this connection in Prussia is the doing away with the Secretary of the Treasury and the substitution of an Imperial Minister of Finance,—a step which probably means increase of military taxes. The new Minister is Herr Miguel, formerly a leading socialist and friend of Karl Marx, now a monarchist and paternal socialist. The policy of the Prussian government seems to be to fight democratic socialism by paternal socialism. Herr Miguel is a strong thinker and an authority in matter of finance. He is considered by many to be the coming man in Prussia.

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MORE MUTINY in the English army, this time among artillery men at Chatham, reveals a spread of insubordination that is causing deep unrest in English military circles. English royalty is dependent upon England's army; not that it directly rests upon force, but that royalty and soldiery go together. A king without an army is a king that cannot command with respect. If English government cannot count upon the support and obedience of troops, England's government must change to a form that will command the respect and support of English people. This means democracy, and democracy is spreading fast in England, especially among the working classes, from whom the army is repleted.

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THE ENGLISH HOUSE of Commons has passed a Director's Liability bill. It is believed that the measure may be seriously altered in the House of Lords, but its fundamental principle the Lords will scarcely dare to change, as it passed in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. The principle of the bill is to make directors pecuniarily responsible for any misrepresentation in any prospectus or report issued by them. This is a measure needed on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most profitable privileges of the English nobility has been the lending of their names to all sorts of financial interests, and leading American men do the same. A directory of Directors recently appeared in England with twelve thousand, five hundred names. A similar directory in America would contain many times that number. By the passage of this measure directors are made responsible, as they should be, for every prospectus brought out with the indorsement of their names. Directors would thus be more careful where they allow their names to appear. We should have less of wild-cat schemes, carelessly endorsed by prominent men. Readers of Mr. Lloyd's "A Strike of Millionaires" will remember by what fraudulent prospectuses, miners were allured to Spring Valley. If a Directors' Liability Bill had been enacted in America, every director of Spring Valley would have been pecuniarily liable for those prospectuses. The sooner such a measure is passed the better for commercial honesty and justice.

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ALL APPEARANCES indicate a lively State campaign the coming autumn. Perhaps the busiest place in Boston at present is the Democratic State Headquarters on Washington St., where several young women are employed in folding and preparing for mail immense masses of "literature," mainly in the form of speeches upon the tariff, which will be sent to every voter in the State. The executive committee has also secured the services of Col. J. W. Coveney, who will act as private or confidential secretary to that committee. They have moreover procured a canvasser in each city and town in the Commonwealth whose duty it will be to see that all are assessed: their names put on the voting list, and full information secured as to the amount of funds needed in each district to run the machine. Now that Col. Coveney has gone back to act as secretary to the Executive Committee he should be able to find his way back into his old position in place of Mr. Quincy, its present encumbent. Col. Coveney has a way of keeping his eye on the main object in the local political horizon.

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CONGRESS gives no signs of adjournment; yet absenteeism has become so common as seriously to hinder legislation. The Tribune reports nearly one half of the Republicans in the House to be paired with absent Democrats. It is time for reform when politics have come to such a pass that the main duty of a congressman is to head off some congressman on the opposing side.

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THE COMMONWEALTH has received, too late for publication this week, an able and highly suggestive contribution from the pen of Rev. James Kay Applebee, on "The Single Tax and Nationalism." Mr. Applebee will be remembered as a favorite and long-time contributor to the columns of the COMMONWEALTH, and his reappearance, in our next issue, will be welcomed by readers old and new

### ON THE BAY.

How oft at twilight hour
We two went floating off upon the wave!—
The west resplendent with its sunset dower,
The east all luminous, yet softly grave.

The ocean spread around,
Just ruffled, yet reflecting every hue,
Marking with foam each emerald islet's bound,
And gliding back its billows to renew.

Then the lone sea-bird sped
Its trackless way with many a plaintive cry;
The winds swept slowly, and from ocean's bed
Rose perfumes that e'en now seem gathering nigh.

Leaning on idle oars,
We gazed on hills whose feet were on the sands;
Their crowns rose grandly where the sunlight pours
Its last rich flood on rippling sea and land.

In all the long bright past,—
When ocean, earth and sky, in blest accord
Their spell of light, song, motion, round us cast,—
There are no dearer hours in memory's ward.

The cup our lips did press
In that glad time was trembling to the brim
With its sweet draught of mortal happiness
Not wasted, lost, but grown far off and dim.

### WHAT THE VIOLINS SAID.

Do I love you? Do I love you?
Ask the heavens that bend above you
To find language and to prove you
If they love the living sun.
Ask the burning blinded meadows
What they think about the shadows,
If they love the failing shadows,
When the fervid day is done.

Ask the bluebells and the daisies,
Lost amid the hot field-mazes,
Lifting up their thirsty faces,
If they love the summer rains.
Ask the linnets and the plovers,
In the nest life made for lovers,
Ask the bees and ask the clovers—
Will they tell you for your pains?

Do I darling, Do I love you?
What I pray, can that behoove you?
How in Love's name can I move you
When for Love's sake I am dumb!
If I told you, if I told you
Would that keep you, would that hold you
Here at last where I enfold you?
If it would—Hush! Darling, come!

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

It is raining, little flower?—
Be glad of rain!
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true;
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?—
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches; and thou wilt have sun,
When clouds their perfect work have done.

—Selected.

### A COMPARISON.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and bum'l'bees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease,
Up thar in the city.
For I really don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But an hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds an' the bum'l'bees,
An' a-livin, out here among the trees
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff,
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
An' I'm sure its plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me, 'taint half as tough
As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.

—Browning.

## THE COLONEL'S BOY.

A stranger, coming upon the colonel as he sat in the morning-room of the club regarding his newspaper with an angelic smile, would have sought out another copy of the paper and searched its columns with pleasant anticipations. But I knew better. I knew that the colonel, though he had put on his glasses and was pretending to call the news, was really only doing what I verily believe he did after lunch and after dinner, and after he got into bed, and indeed at every one of these periods when the old campaigner, with a care for his digestion and his conscience, selects some soothing matter for meditation. He was thinking of his boy; and I went up to him and smacked him on the shoulder. "Well, colonel," I said, "how is Jim?"

"Hullo! Why, it's Jolly Joe Bratton!" he replied, dropping his glasses and gripping my hand tightly—for we did not ride and tie at Inkerman for nothing. "The very man I wanted to see."

"And Jim, colonel? How is the boy?" I asked.

"Oh, just as fit as a—a middy on shore!" he answered, speaking jollily, yet, as it seemed to me, with an effort, so that I wondered whether there was anything wrong with the boy—a little bill or two, or some small indiscretion, such as might well be pardoned in as fine a lad as ever stepped, with a six-months-old commission, a new uniform, and a station fifty minutes from London. "But come," the colonel continued before I could make any observation, "you have lunched, Joe? Will you take a turn?"

"To be sure, I said; "on one condition—that you let Kitty give you a cup of tea afterwards."

"That is a bargain!" he answered heartily; and we went into the hall. Every one knows the Junior United hall. I had reached my hat down, and was in the act of stepping back from the rack, when some one coming down-stairs two at a time—that is the worst of having any one under field rank in a club—hit me sharply with his elbow. Perhaps my coat fits me a bit tightly round the waist nowadays, and perhaps not; any way, I particularly object to being poked in the back—it may be a fad of mine, or it may not—and I turned round sharply, muttering, "Confound——

I did not say any more, seeing who had done it; but my gentleman stammered some confused apology, and taking from the colonel, who had politely picked it up, a letter which it seemed I had knocked out of his hand, he passed into the morning-room with a red face. "Clumsy scoundrel!" I said, but not so loud that he could hear it.

"Hullo!" the colonel exclaimed, standing still, and looking at me with undisguised wonder.

"Well?" I said, perhaps rather testily, "what is the matter?"

"You are not on good terms with young Farquhar, then?"

"I am not on any terms at all with him," I answered grumpily.

The colonel whistled. "Indeed!" he said, looking down at me with a kind of wistfulness in his eyes; Dick is tall, and I am—well, I was up to the standard once. "I thought—that is, Jim told me—that he was a good deal about your house, Joe. And I rather gathered that he was making up to Kitty, don't you know."

"You did, did you?" I grunted. "Well, perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't. Any way, she is not for him. And he would not take an answer, the young whipper-snapper!" I continued, giving my anger a little vent, and feeling all the better for it. "He came persecuting her, if you want to know, and I had to show him the door."

I think I never saw a man—certainly on the steps of the Junior United—look more pleased than did the colonel at that moment. "Gad!" he said, "then Jim will have a chance?"

"Ho! ho!" I answed, chuckling. "So the wind sets in that quarter, does it? A chance? I should think he would have a chance, colonel!"

"And do you object?"

"Object?" I said. "Why, it would make me the happiest man in the world, Dick. Are we not the oldest friends? And I have only Kitty and you have only Jim. Why it is—it is just Inkerman over again!"

Really it was, and we stumped down the steps in high delight. Only I felt a little anxious about Kitty's answer, for though I had a strong suspicion that her affections were inclined in the right direction, I could not be sure. The gay young soldier might not have won her heart as he had mine; so that I was still more pleased when the colonel informed me that he believed Jim intended to put it to the test this very afternoon.

"She is at home," I said, standing still.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he responded, taking my arm to lead me on.

But I declined to move. "I'll tell you what," I said, "it is a quarter to four; if Jim has not popped the question by now, he is not the man I think him. Let us go home, colonel, and hear the news."

He demurred a little, but I had him in a hansom in two shakes, and we were bowling along Piccadilly in half-a-dozen more. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and, following the direction of his hand, I was just in time to catch a glimpse of Jim's face—no other's—as he shot past us in a cab going eastwards. It left us in no doubt, for the lad's cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining, and as he swept by and momentarily saw us, he raised his hat with a gesture of triumph.

"Gad!" exclaimed the colonel, "I'll bet a guinea he has kissed her! Happy dog!"

"Tra! la! la!" I answered. "I dare swear we shall not find Kitty in tears."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when the cab swerved suddenly to one side, throwing me against my companion. I heard our driver shout, and caught sight of a bareheaded man mixed up in the near shaft. The next moment we gave a great lurch and stopped, and a little crowd came round us. The colonel was the first out, but I joined him as quickly as I could. "I do not think he is much hurt, sir," I heard the policeman say. "He is drunk, I fancy. Come, old chap, pull yourself together," he continued, giving a slight snake to the grey-haired man whom he and a bystander were supporting. "There, hold up now. Here is your hat. You are all right."

And sure enough the man, whose red nose and shabby attire seemed to lend probability to the policeman's accusation, managed when left to himself to keep his balance—with some wavering. "Hullo!" he muttered, looking uncertainly upon the crowd round him. "Is my son here to take me home? Isaac? Where is Isaac?

"He is a bit shaken," said the policeman, viewing him with an air of experience. "And three parts drunk besides. He had better go to the station."

"Where do you live?" said the colonel.

"Greek Street, Soho, number twenty-seven, top floor"—this was answered glibly enough. "And I'll tell you what," the man added with a drunken hiccough and a sudden reel which left him on the policeman's shoulder—"if any gentleman will take another gentleman home, I will make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. I'll present him his weight in gold. That I will. His weight in gold!"

"I think——" the colonel began, turning and meeting my eye.

"His weight in gold!" murmured the drunken man.

"Quite so!" I said, accepting the colonel's unspoken suggestion. "We will see him home all right, policeman." And paying our cabman, I hailed a crawling four-wheeler, into which the officer promply bundled our man. We got in, and in a moment were jolting eastwards again at a snail's pace.

"Perhaps we might have sent some one else with him," said the colonel, looking at me apologetically.

"Not at all!" I answered. I have no doubt that we both had the same feeling, that being happy ourselves it would not ill become us to do a good turn to this poor old wretch, whose shaking hands and tattered clothes showed that he had almost reached the bottom of the hill. I have seen more than one brother officer, once as gallant a lad as Jim, brought as low, and perhaps, but for Providence, old Joe Bratton himself——But, there, it may have been some such thought as this, or it may have been an extra glass of sherry at lunch, made us take the man home. We did it; and the Lord only knows why fellows do things—good or bad.

Hauling out our charge at the door of twenty-seven, we lugged him up the dingy stairs, the gibberish which he never ceased to repeat about the dreams of avarice and our weight in gold sounding ten times as absurd on the common staircase of this dirty tenth-rate lodging-house. The attic gained, he straightened himself, and, winking at us with drunken gravity, laid his hand upon the latch of one of the doors. "You shall see—what you shall see!" he muttered, and throwing open the door he stumbled into the room. The colonel raised his eyebrows in a protest against our folly, but entered after him, and I followed.

There was only one person in the garret, which was as miserable and poverty-stricken as room could well be; and he rose and confronted us with an exclamation of anger. He was a young fellow, twenty years old perhaps, of middle size, sallow and dark-eyed, and to my thinking half-starved. The drunken man seemed unaware of his feelings, however, for he balanced himself on the floor between us, and waved his hand towards him.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he cried, "I'm a man of my word! Allow me to introduce you! My son, Isaac Gold. Did not I tell you? Present you—your weight in gold—or nearly so."

"Father!" said the lad, eying him gloomily, "go and lie down."

"Ha! ha! Your weight in gold, gentlemen!"

"Your father was knocked down by a cab," the colonel said quietly, "and finding that he was not able to take care of himself we brought him home."

The young man looked at us furtively, but did not answer. Instead, he took his father by the arm and forced him gently to a mattress which lay in one corner, half-hidden by a towel-rail—the latter bearing at present a shirt, evidently home-washed and hung out to dry. Twice the old fool started up muttering the same rubbish; but the third time he went off into a heavy sleep. There was something pitiful to my eyes in the boy's patience with him; so that when the lad at last turned to us and with eyes which fiercely resented our presence, bade us begone if we had satisfied our curiosity, I was not surprised that the colonel held his ground. "I am afraid you are badly off," he said gently.

"What's that to you?" was the other's insolent answer. "Do you want to be paid for your services?"

"Steady! steady, my lad!" I put in. "You get nothing by that."

"I think I know you," the colonel continued, regarding him steadily. "There was a charge preferred against you, or some one of your name, at a police-office a few weeks ago, of personating a candidate at the examination for commissions in the army. The charge failed, I know."

The young man's color rose as the colonel spoke; but his manner indicated rather triumph than shame, and his dark eyes sparkled with malice as he retorted: "It failed? Yes, you are right there. You have been in the army yourself, I dare say?"

"I have," said the colonel gravely.

"An honorable profession, is it not?" the lad continued in a tone of biting mockery. "How many of your young friends, do you think, passed in honestly? It is a competitive examination, too, mind you. And how many do you think employed me—me—to pass for them?"

"You should be ashamed to boast of it," said the colonel, "even if you are not afraid."

"And what should they be? Tell me that!"

"They are low, mean scoundrels, whoever they are."

"So! so! You think so!" laughed the young fellow triumphantly. And then all at once the light seemed to die out of his keen, clever face, and I saw before me only a half-starved lad, with his shabby clerk's coat buttoned up to his throat to hide the want of a shirt. The same change was visible, I think, to the colonel's eye, for he looked at me and muttered something about the cab; and understanding that he wanted a word with the young fellow alone, I went to the window and for a moment or so pretended to gaze through its murky panes. When I turned, the two men were talking by the door; the drunken father was snoring behind his improvised screen; and on a painted deal table beside me I remarked the one and only article of luxury in the room—a small soiled album. With a grunt I threw it open. It disclosed the portraits of two lads, simpering, whiskerless faces, surmounting irreproachable dog-collars and sporting pins. I turned a page and came on two more bearing a family resemblance in features, dog-collars, and pins to the others. I turned again, with a pish! and a pshaw! and found a vacant place, and opposite it—a portrait of Jim!

I stared at it for a moment in unthinking wonder, and then in a twinkling it flashed across me what these portraits were, and above all, what this portrait of Jim placed in this scoundrel's album meant. I remembered how anxious the colonel had been as the lad's examination drew near; how bitterly he had denounced the competitive system, and vowed a dozen times a day that, what with pupils and crammers and young officers who should have been girls and gone to Girton, the service was going to the dogs—"To the dogs, do you hear me, sir!" And then I recalled his great relief when the boy came out quite high up; ay, and the vast change which had at once taken place in his sentiments: "We must move with the times, sir; it is no good running your head against a brick wall," and so forth. And—well, I let fall a pretty strong word, at which the colonel turned sharply.

"What is it, major?" he said. But, seeing me standing still by the window, he turned again and added to the young man beside him, "Well, you think about it, and let me know at that address. Now," he continued, advancing towards me, "what is it, Joe?"

"What is what?" I said grumpily. I had shut the album by this time, and was standing between him and the table on which it lay. I do not know why—perhaps it came of the kindness he had just been doing—but I noticed in a way I had never noticed before what a fine figure of a man, tall and straight and noble, my old comrade still was. And a bit of a dimness, such as I have experienced once or twice lately when I have taken a third glass of sherry at lunch, came over my sight. "Confound it!" I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Something in my eye!"

"Let me get it out," he said—always the kindest fellow under the sun.

"No! I'll get it out myself!" I snarled like a bear with a sore head. And on that, without stopping to explain, I plunged out of the room and down the stairs. The colonel, wondering no doubt what was the matter with me, followed more leisurely, pausing to say a last kindly word to that young rascal at the door, whom I had not had the patience to speak to; so that I had already closed a warm dispute with the cabman, by sending him off with a flea in his ear and his fare to a sixpence, when he overtook me.

"What is up, Joe?" he asked, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"That d——d dizziness—but there, I have always said the '73 sherry at the club is not sound—came over me again. I do not feel quite up to the mark," I continued with perfect truth. "I think I will go home alone, colonel, if you do not mind."

"I do mind," said he stoutly. "You may want an arm." But somehow I made it clear to him that I would rather be alone, and that the walk would do me good, and he got at last into a hansom and drove off, his grey moustache and fine old nose peering at me round the side of the cab, until a corner hid him altogether.

I had walked on a few paces, waving my umbrella cheerfully; but there I stopped, and, retracing my steps, mounted the staircase, of twenty-seven, and without parley opened the door. The young man we had left was pacing the floor restlessly, turning over in his mind, I suspected, what the colonel had said to him. He paused still on seeing me, and then glanced round the room. "Have you forgotten anything?" he said.

"Nothing, young man," I answered. "I want to ask you a question."

"You can ask," he replied, eying me askance.

"That album," I said, pointing to it—"it contains, I suppose, the photographs of the people you have been employed to persuade?"

"Possibly."

"But does it?"

"I did not know," he said slowly, in the most provoking manner, "that I had to do with a detective. What is the charge?"

"There is no charge," I answered, keeping my temper really admirably. "But I have seen the face of a friend of mine in that book, and I'll—— In a word, I will be hanged, young man, if I don't learn all about it!" I continued. "All—do you hear? So there! *Now, out with* it, and do not *keep me waiting*, you young rascal!"

*He only whistled and stared*; and finding I was *perhaps getting* a little too warm, I took my handkerchief, and wiping my forehead, sat down, the thought of the colonel's grief taking all the strength out of me. "Look here," I said in a different tone, "I'll take back what I have just said and I give you my word of honor I do not want to harm the young man. But I have seen his portrait, and, if I know no more, must think the worst. Now I will give you a ten-pound note if you will answer three questions."

He shook his head; but I saw that he hesitated. "I did not show you the portrait," he said. "If you have seen it, that is your business. But I will name no price."

"I want none," I answered hurriedly. I threw open the album at the telltale photograph, and laid my trembling finger on the face. "Was this sent to you that you might personate the original?"

He nodded.

"From what place?"

He considered a moment. Then he said reluctantly: "From Frome, in Somerset, I think."

"Last year?"

He nodded again. Alas! Jim had been in a crammer's near Frome. Jim had passed his examination during the last year. I took out the money and gave it to the man; and a minute later I was standing in the street with a sentence heard more than once at mess in the old days ringing in my ears: "Refer it to the colonel. He is the soul of honor."

The soul of honor! Umph! What would he think of this? The soul of honor!—and his son, his son Jim, had done this! I walked through the streets in a kind of amaze. I had loved the boy right well myself, and was ready to choke on my own account when I thought of him. But his father—I knew that his father was wrapped up in him. His father had been a mother to him as well, and that for years—had bought him toys as a lad, and furnished his quarters later with things of which only a mother would have thought. It would kill his father.

I wiped my forehead slowly as I thought of this and put my latch-key into the door in Pond Street. I walked in with a heavy sigh—I do not know that I ever entered with so sad a heart—and the next moment, with a flutter of skirts, Kitty was out of the dining-room, where I do not doubt she had been watching for me, and in my arms. Before Heaven! until I saw her I had not thought of her—I had never considered her at all in connection with this matter, or how I should deal with her, until I heard her say with her face on my collar, and her eyes looking up to mine: "Oh, father, father, I am so happy? Please, wish me joy."

Wish her joy! I could not. I could only mutter, "St! wait, girl—wait, wait!" and lead her into the dining-room, and, turning my back on her, go to the window and look out—though for all I saw I might have had my head in a soot-bag. She was alarmed of course—but to save her that, I could not face her—and came after me and clung to my arm, asking me again and again what it was.

"Nothing, nothing," I said. "There—wait a minute; don't you know that I shall lose you?"

"Father," she said sharply, trying to look into my face, "it is not that. You know you will not lose me! There is something else the matter. Ah! Jim went in a cab, and ——"

"Jim is all right," I answered roughly, feeling her hand fall from my arm. "In that way at any rate."

"Then I am not afraid," she answered stoutly, "if you and Jim are all right."

"Look here, Kitty," I said, making up my mind, "sit down, I want to talk to you."

And she did sit down, and I told her all. With some girls it might not have been the best course; but Kitty is not like most of the girls I meet nowadays—one half of whom are blue stockings, with no more aptitude for the duties of wives and mothers than the statuettes in a shop window, and the other half are misses in white muslin, who are always either giggling pertly or sitting with their thumbs in their mouths. Kitty is a companion, a helpmeet, God bless her! She knows that Wellington did not fight at Blenheim, and she does not think that Lucknow is in the Crimea. She knows no Greek and she loves dancing—her very eyes dance at the thought of it. But she would rather sit at home with the man she loves than waltz at Marlborough House. And if she has not learned a little fortification on the sly, and does not know how many men stand between Jim and his company—I am a Dutchman! Lord! when I see a man marry a girl for a pretty face—not that Kitty has not a pretty face, and a sweet one too, no thanks to her father—I wonder whether he has considered what it will be to sit opposite my lady at, say, twenty thousand nine hundred meals on an average! Phagh! That is the test, sir.

[*Concluded next week.*]

## The Chicago World's Fair.

The choice of the site of the world's fair by which the point of observation for the industrial and commercial world was fixed at the centre of the American Union for the period of four years, will doubtless prove to be wise and judicious beyond the expectations of the workers for that end. The city of Chicago as shown by the world's fair map, is the most convenient point at which to hold an exhibition to which all the nations of the world are invited to contribute. Two of the most attractive collective exhibits which can be forwarded across the water, come from Japan and China, and the distance from Chicago to Vancouver the nearest port from which steamship lines run to Japan, China, and neighboring countries is only 2350 miles, 5 day's journey by rail, while by way of San Francisco 2450 miles the time is 4 days. To the city of Mexico 2000 miles the passage by rail consumes only 5 days. The time from Chicago to New Orleans is 48 hours, Philadelphia 24 hours, New York 26 hours, and Boston 32 hours. Chicago has 4 steamship lines to Liverpool—New York, Boston, Portland, and by way of Montreal. The West India islands and the States of Central America are easily reached via New Orleans 48 hour's ride by rail, and quick transportation can also be effected by the Mississippi river. No objection will be raised by exhibitors in Europe on account of the distance from the seaboard, for the rapidity and ease of regular transportation have impressed them with the idea that the terminal city of the steamship route practically ends the journey, the trip by rail to the interior being of small consequence. West of Chicago it has become the habit to draw the eastern line at that city, and as once they would have said you can get this or that desirable article at the East they now say you can get it at Chicago. The central location of the world's fair being easily comprehended by intending exhibitors, as soon as it is known what facilities for transportation may be depended upon there will be plain sailing and no indecision on the part of shippers of goods. Already a large number of applications for space have been reported and people of moderate means have begun to "save up" for the visit to the world's fair. All who were unable to go to Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition will be sure to go to Chicago, and those who did go to Philadelphia will be the first on the grounds of the Columbian Exposition. American pride, ambition, and patriotism impel every citizen of this country, male and female, to unite in the effort to make the exposition the most successful in every respect that ever took place, and there are positive indications that representatives of foreign commercial interests are ready to accept the invitation of the chief magistrate of the nation to cooperate with us in celebrating the inauguration of the new world.

## Carelessness in Construction.

If men persist in running the ends of floor beams into the flues of chimneys and leaving them so, out of sheer laziness or besotted stupidity, says the Independent, it must be expected that houses so built will take fire. If apartment houses are built with a wooden box from cellar to roof, kiln dried in course of time, with temptations added in the use of matches and hot coals, the house will be on fire from cellar to roof in a flash, if the start of a little fire comes, whether the first week or the thousandth. If people build, and other people occupy, such a dwelling, in the cellar of which a baker fries crullers in hot fat before daybreak in the morning, just as soon as the slipping of the baker's foot or some other little slip spills the fat on the fire the whole structure will be in a roar of flame, although there may be a hundred little children dreaming in their cribs on every floor. If builders run up a church wall and leave it unsupported by floor beams or shoring, and a heavy gale comes, the wall will crash down on a dwelling alongside. The intention, the plan, the forethought or lack of forethought, are all immaterial. The poison does not observe it has been swallowed by mistake, and therefore omit to attack the stomach in the way natural to it. It is the act, and not the motive, which determines results. And if a tinder box shaft is put into a building, or if there is a furnace flue placed too near the wood, these things act precisely as if they had been planned to set buildings on fire as soon as they are brought into the right conditions, and if there are open air spaces, and connections within walls and under floors and roofs—as there are in all buildings except perhaps one in ten thousand—the fire goes through those spaces to the top as readily and certainly as if they had been planned to be the flues they really are.

Then when the train which bad building and bad habits have laid goes off and the fire breaks out we run and bring the fire department maintained at a heavy cost, which stops the burning with a water damage second only to that of the fire, then we look to the insurance companies and consider that there is no real loss if only we have been "covered."

Now just as long as these bad habits continue, fires and all the list of preventable calamities will follow them. That these reckless ways will continue indefinitely is not to be expected—they are too costly, their cost will compel reform. But is it not time to seriously undertake the reform and stop the cost from running up further?

## Stationers and Stationery.

A memorandum book of celluloid, with a silver clasp, is one of the prettiest things in its line.

A very neat effect in mourning cards comes from silver printing, with a silver border at the edge of the card.

A unique inkstand is made of a piece of natural wood about five inches in length with cavities in the centre to hold the ink bottles, while pretty little knots on the side of the wood make a pen rest.

The unsettled condition of the labor market is having its effect upon the stationery trade, especially fine, fancy importations, the advanced prices in Europe being reflected in this country to some extent.

Among late things in papeteries are boxes made to imitate handsomely bound books, each box containing a pleasing poem from the author whose works it represents, in addition to a fine grade of paper and envelopes.

The present fashionable "craze" is for white ink, to be used on dark paper. Rich shades of red and blue paper are the proper thing, but any dark tint shows off the white ink to advantage. The paper and envelopes must match in tint, of course.

A marking for a young lady's letter paper and for the smaller "billet" sheets on which she writes her pretty notes, instead of using stiff cards, shows the initial of her last name done in brown to imitate a woody stem, supporting or surrounding a tiny blossom of her favorite flower in natural colors.

Intricate monograms are again in fashion, stamped in colors, or in gold, silver, or colored bronze, or newest of all, in steel letters that produce the effect of the metal. Instead of involved monograms, the separate initials in quaint lettering are preferred by many, or they may be a facsimile of those of the writer.

An octagonal bronze paper weight, with a miniature clock set in the top, is a novelty. The time-keeping qualities of the clock are not affected by its being moved. Very attractive weights are made of Mexican onyx, a recent novelty in this line consisting of a thin piece of onyx with two other pieces on the top in the shape of pears.

Walter Richmond of Providence, R. I., was recently presented with a solid silver inkstand, made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and costing $400. The article is of unique design, and bears in etched work a representation of a cable grip and trail car, commemorating the part taken by Mr. Richmond in building a cable road over Prospect Hill.

In London a heavy paper of bright scarlet, upon which the writer's name is embossed in black fac-simile, is much used for correspondence. Correspondence cards have etched corners, with fancy designs and picturesque features of ancestral homes. Betrothal paper and cards are used with pansies in pairs at the top. Cobweb paper it also used in which a busy spider has apparently spun a dainty web over a rose-pink or leaf-green surface, and wedgewood paper, on which the writing is done with a peculiar kind of white ink, and all manner of kid-finished, cloth-surfaced papers, on which one can only write with a dull-pointed pen or quill, owing to its roughness.—[The Paper World.

### The Fall of Babylon.

When the managers of this magnificent spectacular show first made known the magnitude and costliness of their scheme, most theatrical managers doubted the possibility of ever getting sufficient receipts to make the show pay. Messrs. Barnum, Bailey and Kiralfy, however, have found their confidence in the show justified; the "Fall of Babylon" has made a record, as the most successful out door show in the country. The show is a success on its own merits, and has reached the desirable position of being its own advertisement, as every day, two very large audiences are found in Oakland Gardens. The entertainment is one that will please and attract everybody, bright with constant variety, and beautiful costumes and combinations; the interest is held from the beginning to the last burst of flame that consummates the "Fall." The music too is of considerable merit, and continues during the whole performance. The choruses of which there are several are particularly good and seem to gain added charm from being sung out in the open air. As those who visit it once are likely to repeat their visits, the management of the "Fall of Babylon" can fairly reckon on continued success for their marvelous show, especially if the arrangement which some assert that Mr. Barnum has entered into with the clerk of the weather continues.

## SHEAR NONSENSE.

Briggs—What has Robinson got on that peper and salt suit for?

Griggs—I understand that he is going to be a missionary.—[Life.

### HEAPED UP AND FLOWING OVER.

This is a regular red flannel month, all wool, and a yard wide.—[Atlanta Constitution.

### WHERE THE PLEASURE CAME.

Edith—What a bore Mr. Slowgo is! Don't you hate to have him call on you?

Maud—No, indeed!

"Why, I should think he would bore you to death while he stayed!"

"He does. But then, it's such pleasure to have him go!"—[Lawrence American.

It happened one time that a Mr.
Fell in love with a maiden and kr.
And he said: "Be my wife
And bring joy to my life!"
She said: "No, but I'll be your sr."
—[Chicago Post.

### A JUNEBUG'S TRIALS.

Teacher—Give me the name of some quadruped—that is, an animal with four legs.

Tommy—A dog.

Teacher—Mention another.

Tommy—A Junebug.

Teacher— A Junebug has six legs.

Tommy—What's the matter with pulling off two of them?—[Texas Siftings.

Teacher. "John, of what are your boots made?"

Boy. "Of leather, sir."

Teacher. "Where does leather come from?"

Boy. "From the hide of the ox?"

Teacher. "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?"

Boy. "My father."—[Chatter.

**Consumption Surely Cured.**

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positiv remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., NewYork

## EVENT AND OPINION.

Mustered out. Come again.

"Oh the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us."

Boston has been the Hub of the universe this week, if she never was before.

With General Greely right on the spot we ought to have had a faultless day for the parade.

An ordinance exists against the obstruction of the streets, but it has been off duty this week.

With this week's fantastic decorations we have been a blooming city for once in our lives, if we never are again.

The squadron swung into port, shipshape, and the naval commanders have been among the lions of the hour.

It cost the guests of the Mayor's Club $25 a plate to participate in the President's dinner at Young's, and even at that figure invitations went by favor.

A few well tethered balloons to let should have found liberal patronage Tuesday, though it might have been a bit chilly up there with the east wind.

Now Leominster wants a city charter. At the rate our townships are aspiring to city honors it will not be long before we of Massachusetts are "all corporals."

On quite ordinary occasions the town has been painted red. The Grand Army may be said to have gone over it with layers of brilliant chromatic nitrophenylenediamine, and that only half tells it.

For a few days Boston will have to live on kickshaws, or as the French mince it, *quelque chose*. By any other name it will be just as scrappy, but let us hope our guests were well fed.

We have been filled from the crown to the toe, top full of patriotism. Can't somebody get up a war about something, that we too may fight, but never fall for our country?

That no mistake might be made by our visiting veterans the badges and insignia in the Public Garden were duly labeled; and nine out of ten of our visitors thought they were just beautiful!

"There is a great deal of luck and 'pull' and favoritism in choir matters, quite as much as in politics," says a musical authority. And it comes dangerously near hair pull, when choir politics run high.

It would conduce to the pleasure of excursionists if owners of too prolific cats would not drown off their surplus in the region by the wharves. The cats would like it better, too.

Owing to the high price of corn, alcohol has advanced from eight to ten cents since July 12th; and it is singular that with their spirits thus rising, liquor dealers should be so depressed.

Perhaps these dissatisfied lovers do well to cut acquaintance with their sweethearts, but they should stop short of cutting their throats. It is a bit hard to understand where the love comes in, in affairs of that sort.

Spiders seem to be unusually virulent this summer, several deaths having been reported from their bites. Think twice before you walk into their parlor, which is generally an out-of-door one, in a thicket of bushes.

Isn't something wrong, somewhere, when America shows herself so eager to carry the bread of life to the heathen, in Japan, and lets the inhabitants, not labeled heathen in the telegraphic dispatches, perish for want of food? The miracle of the loaves and fishes is not likely to be repeated for Japan.

From Cape May comes the old story of man's faithlessness to trust. A confiding wife gave her husband a valuable gold watch and $1500 worth of diamonds to care for while she went in bathing, and he lost them. Isn't that just like a man?

Now it comes out that the French gown that was purchased with Miss Helen Leah Reed's prize money was made in the office of the New York World, by the "faking" process. A wardrobe produced in that way is cheaper, but not substantial.

Kensington is about celebrating the completion of the only house that has been built in the quiet township for the last thirty years. Great oaks from little acorns grow. Make the celebration a rouser. Kensington. Glory awaits thee yet.

How beautifully that Harvard painting spree was hushed up, notwithstanding the righteous efforts on the part of clean-handed students and faculty to ferret out the offenders! Harvard University is more than ever in crying need of a corps of wide awake reporters.

Solid silver has advanced in price 15 per cent. Thank fortune the wedding season is past, and the crop of seashore engagements seldom ripens. Silver bullion may have time to subside before the legitimate autumn weddings are upon us, with their attendant drafts on our exchequer.

The boldest romancer might hesitate before venturing his hero to run a course of eleven years in which he was successively a private dragoon, a penal convict, printer, reporter, lecturer, poet and editor of an influential paper. Yet that and more was true of our lamented John Boyle O'Reilly.

The "Heart of the Commonwealth," shows a population of 83,400, a marked increase over the last census returns. These figures leave Worcester still the second city in the State, and as the Hub and the Heart are rapidly growing towards each other, who knows what may happen yet?

This week's theatre-goer who has not taken occasion between the acts to stretch his legs, and walk the jim-jams out of his feet has earned a season ticket to an orchestra chair. If theatres must open in dog-days there should be a general exodus to the foyer when the curtain falls, in the interest of sanity and long life.

The well selected library may be said to speak volumes for the culture of its owner. It is singular to reflect, by the way, that our ancient classics are not the work of the pen, but of the goose quill; and that the pen, in its turn, is now giving place to the type-writer. This also must go, for how can one sentimentalize over the type-written pages of genius?

The harbor has been almost as crowded as the streets, during the encampment, what with the naval fleet, the excursion steamers and the fancy craft, not to mention the regular steamboat and shipping lines. There was a time when it seemed probable that we should all be driven off the wharves by our invaders, but Boston is a sort of omnibus, in her way. She always finds ample room for more.

Boston has laid herself out to be pretty and obliging this week. All this company apparel and these obliging placards telling tolerably old Bostonians facts they never heard of before, embarrass the natives. We do not want to betray the unusualness of affairs, as children make faces in company teaspoons, but if Boston has held all this wisdom, why has she never instructed her offspring? And if she can let our company into the old burying grounds why not allow her own children to go in once in a while? We should not be half so likely to chip off a piece of slate headstone as are our relic-seeking visitors. But we will not grumble any more than we can help. It is a great thing to have a houseful of company.

It is rather a damper on the striking system to have an official say, as said Vice-President Webb of the Central road: "Every man who has struck may consider himself discharged. Not one of the men through whom this trouble has come about will ever be taken back again." Such a state of affairs goes far towards marring the satisfaction of the most ardent devotee of the strike; but it is a case where might makes right.

If rumor is not astray, as it probably is, this is the last year that the Point of Pines is to be run as a pleasure resort. It is said that Thomas Baldwin, leader of the famous Cadet Band, is to develope the property for a residential portion. It would be very beautiful, out there among the trees and villas, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Baldwin would be able to make arrangements with old Neptune whereby once or twice in a season visitors might find the tide in at the Pines.

The curious inclination to collect souvenirs of place and occasion has shown itself about town this week. The more sentimental of the old veterans laid hands upon whatever fragments of decorations and the like could be made available, while not a few rewarded the enterprise of the merchants who catered to that weakness in man. The treasure house of the mind is the best place to store memories, and to pack away souvenirs. If anything is worth remembering one's memory should need no outside nudge.

We cannot conscientiously consider our scientists of much use until they perfect some process of storing this great waste of solar heat. The wholesale loss of heat by radiation is an appalling extravagance, unworthy the age. It should be transmuted into steam and stored in a central boiler, from which, as from city gas works, families might be supplied by the meter system. Nothing in the world alls this plan. It is perfectly feasible, and only lack of time prevents our attending to the matter, ourselves.

As a great and especial treat by no means unappreciated by those concerned, the faithful in the Romish Church were allowed to eat meat yesterday, in accordance with the following telegram from Rome:

"By decree of the Holy Office the faithful will be permitted to eat meat on Friday, Aug. 15. This dispensation is granted in honor of the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

This and Grand Army week together make almost too much happiness to be real.

With the passing of John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston loses a poet of whom she was no less fond than proud. As a patriot, as a poet, as an orator and as an editor, he achieved unusual eminence, and in each capacity he will be sorely missed; but it is as a friend that his loss is most keenly felt to-day. By and by, when the sense of personal grief has become in a measure deadened we shall realize the vacancy he has left in literature and public life. It is given to few men in the brief hey-day of comparative youth to accomplish so varied and so great work as Mr. O'Reilly leaves behind him,—his most fitting memorial.

It would not appear to be quite so safe as it is sentimental to stroll beneath the stars. Some of these August meteors are ugly customers, when they take to shedding their meteoric iron around promiscuously. Fragments of comets and shooting stars are valuable finds when they are picked up cool, but they are decidedly uncanny birds of passage. The Berkshire hills and White Mountains are coming in for the lion's share of these inauspicious stars this month, but Boston is not jealous. She has the fixed stars, forty-four in a cluster, and all the stripes she can float? And so the eagle screams.

Nineteen years ago the national encampment was held in Boston, but it hardly made a ripple in the life of the city. This week the every day life of the city has been buried out of sight under the one great event of the year, if not of the decade. The veteran has had the town, and none so poor but has done him homage—even to the infirm old darky boot black, who has worked away under an illiterate but patriotic sign, announcing that all Grand Army men's boots would be blacked "fer nothin at all, God bless him." Perhaps the old boot black felt that it was the very least he could do for his emancipators.

## OBSERVATIONS

### ON MATTERS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Fourth of July, or Memorial Day,—which? Music and flags and uniforms; crowds upon crowds of people; miles upon miles of marching men. Yet no flowers, no memorial orations, and no solemn funeral march. It is the living, and through them the dead, that Boston has set herself to honor, as best she may, while the veterans are with us. Soon they, and we too, for that matter, will have joined the great silent ranks beyond us. We have the debt to pay, and the heart to pay it, and the once gallant boys, now bowed and grizzled veterans, have spared us the trouble of going out of our way to do it. They came to us, and the town with one accord gave itself over. For we once had is theirs.

Bostonians have been nowhere this week. The pedestrian wonders vaguely if the streets would be quite empty and silent if our visitors were not here. For days this week hardly an individual has been met in a walk around a square who did not bear the outward visible sign of his or her non-citizenship.

This, of course, excludes Tuesday. Parade Day was an occasion to be treated all by itself, on a white sheet, with blue ink, to be read aloud by all. The other days, less spectacular, have been hardly less interesting.

These visitors of ours come primarily to attend the encampment, but principally to see the town; and if there is a nook of it that they do not explore, that spot rather than our hacknied "points of interest," will merit the placard.

Their keen, alert restlessness; their sense of the length of art and the fleetness of time; their appetite for information and their determination to possess it or die, came out in surprising prominence when they struck the town.

So far as heard from every man and woman, and they are about half and half about town, struck a bee line, on their arrival, for the Old Granary Burying Ground, and peered through the iron gates and the strong picket fence.

This devotion to antiquities has not been without its reward. The hearts of our authorities melted, and the great iron gate has actually swung open to visitors. The rolling back of a magic cave in the Arabian Nights could hardly prove more of a surprise to those to the manner born. Such an event has never before happened in the present generation, and with something of the feeling of a well-trained child invading the forbidden best parlor, kept sacred to funerals and the photograph album, the Observer stole shyly over the threshold Wednesday night.

It was a great event actually to go past and behind those breast-works of scarlet geraniums, and the tall sunflower sentinels, back into the unexpectedly roomy and dreary enclosure peopled by the dead.

Peopled by the dead? Lift up your eyes. A broken and straggling procession of many men and women, with much be-decked breasts, and brave adornment of military and relief insignia, stroll about the ground. The Old Granary puts its best foot forward. On the Tremont side it is verdant and flower bordered. Back in the enclosure the soil is as hard and sterile as that of King's Chapel ground in its bleakest days; but it is rich in associations, and the ashes of the great.

These visitors are all brethren and sisters

together, whether from Maine or Arizona, and conventionalities are waived; so being in their midst it perhaps was not strange that the Observer should be accosted by a veteran, who, touched by an apparently lone estate, volunteered some information about the spot, and its environments. His revelations were gratefully received; and then, as one good turn deserves another, the Observer paid the debt by reeling off, in the most unassuming manner, two or three pages of the Cyclopædia of Boston, with liberal extracts from King's Handbook, with embellishments by the Observer.

It did not sound like book larnin', and the veteran was overcome.

The moments there were precious, for the Observer was late on the ground. A hasty search for the most illustrous dead, especially Gov. Bellingham, to settle an old grudge for Hester Prynne; a look at Paul Revere's somewhat too modern headstone; a puzzled glance at the roped in spot sacred to the victims of the Boston Massacre; awed glances at the old tombs, and then the worried young policeman who has to keep an eye on all relic seekers begins to clear the ground.

He might better try to call the cattle home. The visitors are all about the ground and his tones are not stentorian as he orders "all out;" but the prospect of being locked in for the night, even among old colonial governors, does not attract Grand Army visitors, and they work toward the gate.

The old sexton waits anxiously by the entrance. A mother bird could feel no more worried when invaders poked about her nest. "Are Boston people never to be allowed in here?" inquired the Observer, in passing. And the old man said, "Not on foot!"

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Before settling down to the business of seeing the parade one more observation must be recorded. We had our minds all made up to give *our visitors* the end seats, *and all the seats if they* wanted them, in *the open cars. It* has worked just the other way. Last night, for example, the Observer caught an electric car, but before a seat could be claimed every chink was filled. As the next car and the next, and so on, indefinitely, were likely to fare just the same, there was no help for it but to stand. But to the infinite surprise of the standee a bluff and hearty Grand Army man, ticketed "North Dakota," promptly gave up his seat. Of course it was declined, but he would not take no for an answer. "We do not take seats away from visitors," explained the late comer; "besides Boston men do not give up their seats."

"I notice they don't," the veteran replied, "but Western men *do*!"

Seeing that a point of honor was involved the seat was duly accepted, and one was scored for North Dakota.

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In justice to Boston men let it be recorded here and now that an exception sometimes proves the rule. The Observer's memory retains no less than a dozen instances of the extension of similar courtesies by as many Boston men.

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But all these side shows, and incidental happenings only make a background and a perspective for Tuesday's parade.

Did any COMMONWEALTH reader miss it? At first blush it would seem impossible, but as the Observer knows better than that, a little glimpse must be given through more fortunate eyes.

Our visitors affirm that the decorations of the city alone would repay a visit. There are miles of red, white and blue; here in streamers, there in flags; here festoons and shields and stars; there banners and portraits and mottoes. Whole buildings have disguised themselves under the national colors, and Washington street, in particular, is one grand triumphal vista of bunting and silk.

With everything else in Union colors the weather wore the grey. The town was fanned by a sharp-edged east wind, and Nature shed a few tears for the fallen brave. But most of this sentiment found expression in the morning, and during all the forenoon hours the bustle of preparation went on, undismayed. It was hard on those who were early on the field, and that included about everyone who cared to be there at all, as street car travel was virtually cut off after nine o'clock. The procession was booked to start at 10.30, but our blessed old Hub is not an ideal city in which to muster troops. The broad prairies would have allowed those mixed up battalions to straighten out and form in line hours earlier than was possible in our crooked and perverse town. Our big fires have done something for us in clearing the way, but it took a good deal of generalship to get those troops into place. One could only wonder how Gen. Alger came out of the ordeal fresh and smiling. But he did, and he smiled all day. Imagination can only picture him as smiling yet,—notwithstanding Gen. Veazey's succession to the honors of Commander-in-Chief.

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It was all of 12 o'clock before the parade was under way. What the veterans and the thousands upon thousands of spectators did for the refreshment of the inner man tradition saith not. Those who had held a point of of vantage for hours would hardly be weak enough to leave it for a biscuit, forsooth! Perhaps they brought along their dinner pails, but at all events they stayed by. The observation stands were packed; sidewalks, edge stones, windows, steps, piazzas, balconies, gutters, roofs, camp chairs, step ladders, wagons in side streets, lamp posts, every spot in fact where a human foot could find place, there was humanity; and we saw a great show.

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The parade began about noon; it was half past seven at night before it was over, and the march was continuous. To be sure now and then a break occurred, and men who had laid wagers that the procession would pass their standing point in two hours or thereabout were happy; but the long-time men won.

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A really enterprising observer would have secured a seat on Copley Sq., for there the great attraction centred. President Harrison reviewed the troops, from the grand stand, and all in that vicinity had an opportunity to look their fill on the nation's Chief. This Observer was not there, but those who were report a censurable oversight on the part of the committee of arrangements in not labelling the President. As it was, more troops passed by without saluting the grave chief magistrate, than did him homage. The President was affected by the solemn memories evoked, and his countenance showed it. Some reporters seemed to lament that he was not exuberant. His evening speech at Mechanics Hall showed that he was not so unmoved as he appeared. In President Harrison's case still waters run deep. As no man can conveniently be in two places at once, the President did not ride in the procession while he was reviewing the troops in Copley Square. This is stated for the benefit of those who could not forgive the omission.

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It was the great rank and file that marched by. Recognized heroes were as scarce as they are in life, but no great lions were needed. The brave old boys in blue were our defenders; amd to-day they are our heroes, and to them rightly belonged the honors of the day. Could the same boys have been seen in pantomine as they marched away, a quarter of a century and more ago,—young, fresh, unscarred, eager for the fray; and with them their no less vital and enthusiastic comrades whose dust now blends with southern soil, the awful significance of the conflict would have been even more fully realized. As it was, many who looked upon the maimed and weary veterans were able to call up the past in memory, and to look with eyes that saw through and beyond the spectacular splendor of the pageant, to the patriotic hearts, that beat no less loyally today, for country and for liberty, than in that fast receding past.

But the eyes of this day and generation saw only the splendor of the panorama; the tattered old battle-flags were only so many curiosities to be looked upon as older sight-seers view Miles Standish's autograph. It was all color and music and motion, a wonderful, rhythmic motion, like a gently heaving sea, as seen through the red, white, and blue vista of flag-draped city blocks. "On, and on forever," they seemed to march, and yet the spectator did not weary. Some indefinable fascination chained all beholders to the spot, and it was only when darkness dimmed the scene, and evening dews chilled unprotected forms that anybody remembered that the line had been six or seven hours in passing, and that human endurance had its limits.

The Observer has not made the slightest attempt to report the scene. Our dailies gave up entire editions to describing its splendors in detail, and whosoever will may know just how Maine was represented, and how many delegates came from California. Massachusetts, God bless her! made a grand showing. We knew she would, but we were all more than proud of her. And each state, according to its location and ability did itself supreme honor.

The disabled veterans brought up the rear of the procession in carriages, and called out rounds of cheers. No new candidates for ambulances were made by the day's vicissitudes, for so far as known, not a single serious accident occurred. As there was no sunshine no sunstrokes took place; and a more orderly crowd, it is safe to say, never assembled, even at a camp-meeting. It was a New England assemblage, and made slight demonstration. Earnest, admiring, absorbed attention was the key note of the day.

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The veterans marched by, and on, and out of sight; our last look at their sturdy ranks showed them marching, quick step, into the shadows of coming night. Our benedictions follow them.

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
If not, why then this parting was well made."

G. P.

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## FLEETING SHOWS.

The Fleeting shows of the week just past have been fine and memorable shows indeed. They have brought with them so much of noble emotion and high memory that the atmosphere of the city should be purer for these things, for days to come, and its life should move to loftier music.

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It was an effete affectation indicating a deplorable lack of the sense of country, of wholesome human fellowship, of great national interests, which drove so many Bostonians to take advantage of the holiday as such, to betake themselves to a distance, "out of the way of the crowds and the noise." Of course to the broken-nerved and the invalided such precautions were wise. And to my thinking, all Bostonians who voluntarily forwent that splendid and significant show of last Tuesday, must be justly ranked with the broken-nerved and invalided, in spirit if not in body.

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Not that all crowds are good to mingle with, or that fondness for noise is any sign of sanity and virility of spirit. But there be crowds and crowds; and there be silly and meaningless noises and grand and significant noises; there is the hideous and perilous racket of the Fourth of July which the "Solomon of a regilation" lately "secreted" by our City Fathers give over to the cannon cracker and the dynamite torpedo, the gamin and the hoodlum; and there is the splendid crash of cannon and throbbing of drums to which was nobly timed the march of the Grand Army of the Republic.

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No one looking down on the scene in lower Washington street, Tuesday afternoon, could have felt any regret at not having escaped that crowd and noise. The splendor and glory of flags and emblems and flying streamers that seemed to paint on earth and sky the colors of our nation; the thunderous pulsing drum-beat, the high sweet shrilling of the fifes, the ringing bugle calls, the crashing harmonies of the grand old war tunes; the flash of swords, the gleam of bayonets; the mighty, rhythmic, unceasing tramp, tramp, tramp of hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, tens upon tens of thousands of men, every right hand of whose right hands had signed allegiance to his country in her hour of peril, and followed that sign with strenuous grip of sword and musket,—all these were great and memorable things to see and know; and to see them and to ponder them in the heart was to grow more an American.

***

For these and no other; these plain, every-day men, with—in so vast a majority of cases—the tired, honest, rugged faces, and toil-roughened hands and burden-bowed shoulders,—these and no others are the men

" * * * who set
Against the foeman's bayonet
Their steadfast breasts in that old day."

They are the men who pledged themselves that as One

" * * had died to make men holy
They would die to make men free!"

and who saw many and many a comrade, when it was demanded of them, redeem that pledge in its heroic fulness. These are the men, thanks to whom and their comrades, it is possible for the workers of our land to work under the grandly free democratic conditions pledged and planned by the founders of our land; yea and verily these and such are the men thanks to whom the idlers of our land may flee to yacht and mountain to escape the "crowd and noise" attendant on giving them fitting greeting.

***

There were certain closed, empty and undecorated houses on our city's richest avenue, last Tuesday,—to our city's shame be it said!—whose very steps were barred with ropes from being made possible resting places for the waiting veterans or the crowd assembled to do them honor. It may be that the owners of those houses were even then lamenting the hard fate that forbade to Newport the rapture of prostrating itself before a foreign princeling. Yet a greater than Prince George of England marched past those darkened and deserted palaces, in the person of every common man who for right's sake had offered his life to his country's need.

***

A great-hearted man said once, when the dome of the Capitol at Washington dawned upon his sight, glowing in the sunset light, "The tears rushed into my eyes, and my whole country rushed into my heart." And so it must have been with every American privileged to watch the Grand Army on their grand gala day.

***

Cassandra, who as I have often explained is of an unimaginative and pessimistic temper, has not shared in the uplifted and glorified state of mind of her household, this last week. She even, in a moment of desperation, was heard to observe that the best feature of the G. A. R. show was that it was mercifully fleeting, and as for the Sons of Veterans she wished those sons would set. Which so reminded me of the absurd old question put to a gentleman carrying a choice bit of game, as to whether it was his own hare or a wig, that I spared her the rebuke she merited.

***

It may be said in justice to Cassandra that her remark came at two o'clock one morning, when, after a day thrown off all its accustomed routes by the down-town crowds, she was awakened by a wandering but insistent drum and fife. It was a little trying at that hour. "My dear," I said, "draw on your imagination and fancy yourself in a beleagued city, and that those are the faithful sentinels relieving guard." "Relieving guard—in war-time—with a drum!" said Cassandra; and all the concentrated scorn of generations of army traditions spoke in her voice.

***

But even Cassandra confesses to enjoying the bits of chat with veterans and veteranesses, which we, living along the line of march, are privileged to pick up. There was one delightful old fellow, for instance, with a pine-cone dangling from his badge, who confided to us, on parade-day, his lamentations that his wife should not have been brought to see these grand doings. "But ye see," he said with an air of final and luminous explanation, "she's such a little woman,—barely weighs 98 lbs,—and here,"—and he dumbly waved his hand, eloquently suggesting the contrast between littleness, and all that mass and veterans.

***

Dear brave and cheery and honest old souls! Many things remind us that they are "marching on" indeed, to the great music of time's unseen trumpets, and that those trumpets will, before the years have rolled us on into the new century, have blown the "lights out" call for most of those who even yet march sturdily. Yet sure, for such as they, the trumpets that Bunyan's pilgrim heard, will blow reveille on the Other Side. DOROTHY LUNDT.

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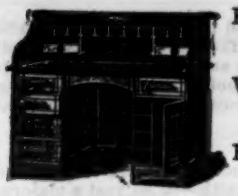
The engagement of a daughter of Mr. Lawrence Barrett to M. S. P. Williams of Roxbury is announced.



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## NEW LITERATURE.

"Ab-sa-ra-ka," by Henry B. Carrington, has just reached a sixth edition. Absaraka (the land of the crows) is the Indian name, and was long the official name for the district that is now known as Wyoming, and this book is an account of the opening up for settlement of that part of the western wilderness by the U. S. troops in 1866. The tide of civilization has travelled so fast in its westerly course that we are apt to forget that a few years ago, land now thickly settled with cities and townships was absolutely unknown. Just now, the new statehood of Wyoming renders the information given in this book doubly interesting. Many who have read Helen Hunt's vivid writings on the injustices of the whites to the Indians, have felt the shame and reproach of the broken promises and treachery that have characterized the dealings of the white people, with the native Americans. In reading this account of the dealings with the Indians, despite the massacres that were such horrible features of the early settlements in those regions, one is compelled to acknowledge the justice of the warfare waged by the Indians. To quote from the last chapter of the book: "Here civilization made its own compact, and guaranteed the rights of the weaker party. It did not stand by the guarantee. The treaty was broken; but not by the savage. If the savage resists, civilization, with the ten commandments in one hand, and the sword in the other, demands his immediate extermination. That he goes to war is not astonishing; he is often compelled to do so. Wrongs are borne by him in silence that never fail to drive civilized man to violence. Among civilized men, war generally springs from a sense of injustice. The best possible way then to avoid war is to do no act of injustice. When we learn that the same rule holds with Indians, the chief difficulty is removed. But it is said that our wars with them have been almost constant. Have we been uniformly unjust? We answer unhesitatingly, Yes!" Such a statement is well worth considering, and though it were foolish to idealize the noble red man" it still remains true, that he is a human being with sentiments and rights that are as sacred as those of the most highly civilized. The book appears to have a sort of dual authorship, the narrative being written from an account kept by Mrs. Carrington, while the reports and statistics giving a general outline of the Indian Conferences since 1865, are the work of Col. H. B. Carrington. It is illustrated by various woodcuts and maps, including portraits of some of the more prominent Indian chiefs.

[Ab-sa-ra-ka. By Col. H. B. Carrington. Sixth edition. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.]

"The Soul of Pierre," by M. Georges Ohnet, translated by Mary J. Serrano, is one of the most interesting novels that has recently been issued. It is not in M. Ohnet's usual style; he, himself considers it as a new departure, and also thinks it representative of his best work. The plot is essentially modern, both in incident and treatment, and turns on the theory of "suggestion," that is now held by physicians and psychologists as being the key to many of the marvels of mental science. A Russian, Doctor Davidoff, tells of a theory that the soul of a dying person may enter into a living body through the will of the person about to die. The plot centres in the belief of the theory by Pierre Laurier, and his friend Jacques de Vignes. In a fit of anger and mortification Pierre determines to commit suicide and leaves a note bequeathing his soul to Jacques, who is dying of consumption. Instead of trying to take his own life, he saves the life of a sailor who was drowning, and is taken away to Corsica. In the meantime, Jacques, convinced that his friend is really dead, feels a renewed vigor, and finally, believing that the strong vitality of Pierre is renewed in himself, actually becomes quite strong and well again. The characters are lifelike and natural, and though the life and incidents described are peculiarly French, there is still the master touch in dealing with human sentiment that reaches humanity everywhere. The translator, Mrs. Serrano, who was also the translator of "Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal" has done her work well, and to that fact, not a little of the interest of the English edition is due. The book is embellished by a number of original drawings by Emile Bayard.

[The Soul of Pierre. By Georges Ohnet. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]

"U. S." "An Index to the United States," compiled by Malcolm Townsend, is a most unique work, filled with all sorts of curious facts concerning the History, Geography, and Political life of our country. As a handbook for such purposes, it probably contains more general information than any other single volume that has yet been published. The collecting and classifying of such a mass of statistics and general information must have been a work of considerable patience and enquiry. Mr. Townsend is, we believe, in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R., managing the great North River offices in New York. He is an ardent student of statistics, and has a great variety of scrap-books full of quaint and valuable clippings. There can be no doubt after reading the compiler's preface and dedication that the work was a labor of love. The result is a book that will be popular generally, and very appropriate as a presentation book to boys and girls of inquiring minds. Explanatory maps and illustrations are interspersed at frequent intervals.

[U. S. By Malcolm Townsend. Published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.]

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Walter Besant, has now been brought out in paper covers. It is strange that this book which its author described in a subhead, "An impossible story" should be of all, the dream to be most nearly realized. It is well known that the People's Palace in the East End of London is a direct outcome of the book, and though the arrangements of the real palace are not quite so ideal as those of the "Palace of Delight," yet there is sufficient similarity in design and extent to give Mr. Besant good reason to be satisfied with the result of his writing. The book itself hardly needs comment; it has long established itself as one of the worthy works of fiction. The description of the workmen's meetings however gives a good insight into the causes that are now making London a centre of agitation for the betterment of the lot of the workers. This edition is well illustrated.

["All Sorts and Conditions of Men." By Walter Besant. Published by Harper Bros., New York.]

"Written in Red," by C. H. Montague and C. W. Dyar, is rather unpleasant reading. It has appeared twice as a sensational attraction in the daily press, but that cannot be claimed as a proof of its merit. It details a very gruesome tragedy, and an ingenious piece of detective work. To readers with refined tastes it cannot be otherwise than revolting, and any literary ability employed in presenting such themes, is not merely wasted, it is positively abused.

[Written in Red. By C. H. Montague. C. H. Dyar. Published by Cassell Publishing Co., New York.]

"The Leading Facts of American History," by D. H. Montgomery, is a text book for schools, and presents in a concise, clear manner the principal events in the history of the country, from its discovery, and naming in 1492 up to the present time. It is illustrated by a large number of maps and woodcuts.

[The Leading Facts of American History. By D. H. Montgomery. Published by Ginn & Co. Boston.]

## PERIODICALS.

The August number of the North American Review is a very complete and satisfactory one. General Sherman's "Our Army and Militia," is the leading article of the number. His scathing criticisms upon the antiquated statutes which still are supposed to govern the army will arrest universal attention. Gail Hamilton furnishes a characteristic paper on "Society Women Before Christ," showing that the position of women in Rome's palmiest days was anything but enviable. Dr. Paul Gibier, Director of the New York Pasteur Institute, discusses "The Pasteur Treatment" sympathetically, while Dr. William A. Hammond, in "False Hydrophobia," shows the difference between the real disease and the numerous cases that simulate it. Mme. Blavatsky gives an account of "Recent Progress in Theosophy." The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes of the importance of athletic sports and denounces as it deserves "'Professionalism' in Sports." An entertaining account of a walk "In Westminster Abbey" is contributed by Dr. Bradley, the Dean of Westminster, and Grant Allen, in "Prickly-Pears," tells some surprising facts about this variety of cactus. There are two articles on the question of the new rules of the House of Representatives, and in answer to "X. M. C." in last month's number. One of these is a defence of his own position and that of the House, by Speaker Reed; the other is furnished by a Democratic leader, behind the pseudonym "Judex." Two timely topics are treated by the Hon. John Russell Young, formerly United States Minister to China, who writes of "American Influence in China," deeply deploring the adoption of the Restriction Act of 1888, and by Erastus Wiman, who enthusiastically urges that the time has come to "capture Canada"—not by a war, however, but by unrestricted commercial reciprocity. North American Review, New York.

The Cosmopolitan for August presents a very varied selection of articles, to suit the tastes of all readers. The first is a fully illustrated article by Wm. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., on "National Guard Camps of Instruction," in which much information is given as to the training of our citizen soldiers. Elizabeth Bisland in the fifth stage of her "Flying Trip Around the World" tells of what she saw in Singapore and Penang. A paper on a subject that is daily becoming more important to cities, from the sanitary point of view, is that by John B. Walker on "Public Baths for the Poor." An important piece of engineering is described in "The World's First Great Ship Railway," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Professor Donato writes upon the subject of "Hypnotism," which he calls "The Weird Art," what the Professor has to say though, is open to serious objection; he writes from the standpoint of the showman, who makes his living by exhibiting the marvels of mesmerism to morbid sensation seekers, rather than as a scientist. In his department, treating of Social Problems, Edward E. Hale writes of "America and Suffrage." Fiction is represented by a summer story by Oscar Fay Adams, "Why the Bishop left Rye Beach," and "Hollister's Wife" by Frances Boardman. Murat Halstead, Frederick Schwatka, and Edward King also write, and poems are contributed by Inigo Deane, Paul Rochester, Joel Benton, and Richard H. Stoddard Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, New York.

Grand Army articles have the place of honor in the August number of the New England Magazine. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of General Logan, most popular of all the volunteers; and the number also contains a fine portrait of General Sherman, from a recent photograph. The opening article is on the "Grand Army of the Republic," by Major George S. Merrill. The article which follows this, on the "Woman's Relief Corps," is by Sarah E. Fuller, one of the former presidents. An article on the "Massachusetts Soldiers' Home" is contributed by Capt. John G. B. Adams. A striking short story, entitled "Two Union Men," and two poems of the number, "The Bivouac of Sherman's Army" and "The Two Old Soldiers," are related to the war. Mr. Hale's delightful Tarry at Home gossip is this month very patriotic. Mr. R. L. Bridgman writes with a considerable degree of warmth on the evils of lobbying, in his article "Political Dangers in Massachusetts." Hosea Paul discusses the land system of the Western Reserve in Ohio. There is an article on Horace Mann, with an excellent portrait; and there are still other interesting things, going to make this one of the most varied numbers that has yet appeared. New England Magazine Co., Boston.

In Belford's Magazine for August, the leading article is by Charles Gayarre, on "Literature in Louisiana," giving a great deal of interesting information. "The Original Package Decision" is discussed with vigor by B. J. Sage. Moncure D. Conway in "Books Worthy of Note" writes of "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff." There are other articles by Col. F. F. Warburton, on "The Race Horse in America;" by Hon. J. W. Longley, on "Canada Under Protection," and others. A great deal of space is devoted to fiction, but the complete novel, "Love Wins," by George Parsons Lathrop, lacks spontaneity, the incidents are dragged in by the heels, rather than falling naturally in their places. The editorial notes are keen and timely as usual. Belford Company, New York.

Cassell's Family Magazine for August, opens with the concluding chapters of "To Be Given Up," by Kate Eyre, and reaches chapter four of the new serial, "Womanlike." "The Mysteries of the Pacific" is the title of an article that will attract all who are interested in archæological research. "The Art of Accompanying" is an amusing sketch in which the pencil of the draughtsman emphasizes the remarks of the writer. "The Lord Chancellor's Work," by Edwin Goadby, shows that the office is no sinecure. Portraits of the ex-Lord Chancellor and the present incumbent are given. London and Paris send their fashion letters, which are always welcomed by the lady readers of this magazine. There is also plenty of poetry, stories, and music. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

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The numbers of The Living Age for July 26th, and Aug 2nd, contain The Poetry of John Donne, Fortnightly; Mute Witnesses of the Revolution, Contemporary; Charles the Twelfth: a Memoir, by the King of Sweden, Nineteenth Century; The First General Election in Japan, New Review; My Islands, and Nero and St. Benedict, Longman's; Early Days Recalled, Murray's; The Sultan of Turkey, Leisure Hour; Wasted Solar Heat, Good Words; Notes of a Pilgrimage, The Spring Habits of British Quadrupeds, and The Cliff Dwellers of Colorado, Spectator; with instalments of "Marcia," "A Waltz of Chopin," and "The Empty Compartment," and poetry. Littell & Co., Boston.

The Paper World for August overflows with matter of interest to the trade. A full account is given of the thirteenth annual session of the American Paper Manufacturers' Association, with a fine portrait of William A. Russell, president elect of the Association. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield.

## LITERARY NEWS.

"Open Sesame!" vol. II, ready in September, 329 pages. Introduction price 75 cents. "Open Sesame!" is a collection of prose and verse comprising more than a thousand selections carefully edited and arranged for committing to memory. The book is representative of English literature and also comprises many translations from foreign sources. Ginn & Co., publishers.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will publish in September a "Brief Course in the Elements of Chemistry," by J. H. Shepard, professor of chemistry, South Dakota College, and Chemist to the United States Experiment Station. This book will be on the same plan as the author's Elements of Inorganic Chemistry.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have in press a new number in the series of Guides for Science Teaching published under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History. The book is entitled Insects and is written by Prof. Hyatt, Curator of the Natural History Society. It will be extensively illustrated with engravings from drawings made especially for this work.

Early in October the Cassell Publishing Co., will publish in book form "The Anglomaniacs," the Century's anonymous novel. Even the publishers thus far are ignorant of the author's identity, as all business has been carried on through a third party. The author's high social position is said to be the reason for this rather absurd mystery.

The Duke of Fife is one of the shrewdest of business men. All his investments turn out well. He took some founder's shares in a London trust company not long ago at $150 each, and they are now worth $4500 each.

Piltsfield, Sept. 2, 1885.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, My very dear Sir.—When you sent me one dozen bottles of your Elixir, almost two years ago, I had no confidence in medicines, but I am a believer in your Elixir, both for man and beast, for inward or outward pain or suffering. I used it on my horse that was very lame in one leg, very much inflamed from hip to foot, and it cured her in three days. It is a sure cure for rheumatic pain, giving relief at first application. I can hereby recommend it to the afflicted. It is no humbug. We use it for cholera morbus, diarrhœa, sore throat, and pneumonia with perfect success.

Very respectfully,
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## NOBILITY.

BY THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

"Well, my dear niece," said the Marquis d'Astarac to the Duchess de Vivian, "really, then, you do not intend to marry your son Pierre?"

"Oh," said the Duchess, "he will marry of his own accord when he gets ready. A widow, not dependent on anybody or anything, asking nothing of a world of which I am not fond, and rich besides, as befits my name, I wish Pierre to be as free as a bird, and that is my only real luxury. As we do not care at all about kings, being as noble as they are, my son has well performed his duty as a soldier. Now he is engaged in scientific work, the results of which, I hope, will do honor to our country. I ask of him nothing more, and, no matter what daughter-in-law he may choose for me, I shall welcome her as she should be welcomed, since it is not for me to choose."

"But tell me," said the Marquis, "how would you choose your daughter if you could?"

"Oh," said Madame Paule de Vivian, "I should be very hard to please, and I believe that my son's ideas are like my own. In a word, I should like a young girl worthy to be a true duchess like myself, and I really do not know where I could find her."

"Why," said the Marquis, "undoubtedly in the Faubourg Saint-German."

"Yes," said the Duchess, "there or elsewhere. *For it must* not be forgotten, *there are ancestors to* be found there, like that Clotilde de Grandieu, whom Balzac came near marrying to Lucien de Rubempre. My son and I are more aristocratic than you can well imagine. We are aristocratic in every drop of our blood and to the marrow of our bones. A witty artist maintains that the last noblemen died at Azincourt in 1415. The assertion is somewhat excessive, but not so much so as it may seem. To say nothing of the woman's lack of virtue, not simply that our kings have made nobility a strange kitchen, renewing an extinct family, like the handle and the blade of Jeannot's knife. And Louis XIV., with his breveted dukes, began a decline that has never stopped. In short, there are manufacturers of nobility and titles who will sell you at cost price the blood of Roland and Charlemagne."

"But," said the Marquis, "to hear you, my dear niece, one would think there were nobles left."

"I beg your pardon," said the Duchess. "While the world shall last, there shall be aristocrats. Nature, which does not deceive herself and cannot be deceived, perpetuates them where and as she likes, paying no attention to impious conventionalities, to the characters that are so often falsified, and to paper titles. But that we may never go astray, she marks her elect with the decisive sign that cannot be mistaken. She gives to all, men and women, heroic beauty, strength, courage, and the appetite for sacrifice. The absence of selfishness,—that is something that can never be imitated by the man born to be a wretch, though well-authenticated witnesses had seen him at his birth emerge from Jupiter's thigh."

The Duchess de Vivian was right, for we should always judge by appearance. Beauty cannot be perfectly complete and divine unless it is lighted by a soul burning with charity, and that is a characteristic easily recognizable. Many things can be imitated, but not generosity, and one cannot pretend to give all that he possesses, unless he really does do it. The grace of the good works that one has done and still intends to do is legibly inscribed upon the face, and that is why beauty is the only title of nobility that is evident, and that cannot be counterfeited by the caprices of kings, the levity of women, or the effrontery of forgers. Consequently the Duchess did not trouble herself about her future daughter-in-law, persuaded that, destined to become Duchess De Vivian, she would have the absolute beauty enabling her to reign and to charm, and that, if she should appear in such a splendor of glory, it would be clearly seen.

One day the Duchess had gone to help a family of sick old people, who lived in the Rue Saint-Martin, very near Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs. Having fulfilled this duty, which she always performed herself and entrusted to nobody, she entered the old church to say a prayer. When she came out, and was about to get into her carriage, her attention was compelled by what she saw in a window. It contained men's and woman's shoes, so beautiful in shape, so perfect in taste, and so rarely elegant, that it astonished one to find such jewels in a district inhabited by common people. They adorned a shop front on the ground floor of a very strange house, with a prominent gable and visible beams, ornamented with delicate carvings, and dating certainly from the middle ages. As Madame de Vivian did not grow weary of admiring the shoes and slippers, cut from the most supple skins and the richest stuffs, which seemed to have been cut and sewed for princesses by some fairy, the shoemaker, who had noticed this attention, came out of his shop, and very humbly, with his cap in his hand, invited the Duchess to come in and take a closer view of the articles which she had noticed, and the great lady kindly consented.

"Indeed," said she, once seated, "I was astonished to see such perfect work, giving evidence of a workman's hand, in these days when there are no workmen. But, Monsieur, who developed in you a taste so unfailing and so pure, by which, for my part, I fully intend to profit?"

"Madame," said the shoemaker Josselin, "here is my dear wife, Pernette, who works with me, and in whose presence all toil seems light. You have deigned to bestow on me praise that completely satisfies my ambition by granting me title of workman, the only one to which I attach any value. I learn my trade daily, and shall keep on learning it until my death. If I know something about it already, it is because I was a workman in my father's shop, as my son will be a workman in mine when he has finished the European tour which he is making at the present time. For, Madame, since two hundred years from father to son, we have been shoemakers in this house, and each of us has always tried to do as good work as his father did, and better if he could."

"But," said the Duchess Paule, "with this sequence and persistency of ideas, your fathers and you must have amassed some wealth."

"Yes, Madame," said Josselin, "although there have been some very hard times for the working people, struggles and bloody battles, which left them nothing, except eyes for weeping. Nevertheless, Madame, it is true that we are rich, for people in our station, and that we could live without working, if it were a mere matter of living. But, as long as there shall remain a Josselin, he will be a shoemaker, and take pride in it. A little gold permits one sometimes to do what he likes," added the workman, who at that moment blushed to his eyes, for he did not wish to speak of his numerous charities, and the aid which his wife lavished upon the unfortunate.

"And then, Madame," said Pernette Josselin, taking the floor in her turn, "have we not to think of marrying our children and providing them with dowries?"

After a gesture of acquiescence, the Duchess de Vivian arose, and, having asked Pernette to write down her name and address, invited Josselin to come to her house to take an order. As she was going out the shop door opened, and a young girl entered, so prodigiously beautiful that one might have vainly sought her equal among the highest and most illustrious ladies. As slender and tall as a princess, adorned by pure and divine features, as splendid as one may be who comes of a long race of virtuous wives who have enjoyed the love of their husbands, she spread about her the charm of candor and innocence. Alix Josselin, who had been out buying materials for her father, placed them in Pernette's hands, and climbed the light wooden staircase that led to the upper floor.

"This admirable person is your daughter?" said the Duchess to Pernette. "But then, Madame, have you not the rarest, the most unparalleled, the most marvellous of all joys?"

"Madame Duchess," said Pernette, "if I may be allowed to use an ugly pedantic term, we believe in atavism. Why should not centuries of integrity and industry be rewarded in him who continues the efforts of his race? As for Josselin himself, it is not for me to speak his praise, but I will venture to say to you just one word. In twenty-three years of married life, he has not once caused me ennui or pain, or the shadow of a care, and he has loved me tenderly and faithfully."

"Madame," said Josselin, "It is not a miracle to do one's duty, but, if I have done mine, like all my ancestors and after them, I am rewarded a thousand times beyond even their merits. Yes, this young girl, whom no one would be astonished to see with a crown upon her head and a sceptre in her hand, is born of our blood. By what miracle was she given to us? Because she is our daughter, we command and she obeys; but we would much sooner kneel before her and adore her. If we can only find a husband who is worthy of her!"

"Rest easy, you will find him," said the Duchess, as she went out.

And when she was in her carriage, and rolling away to the Faubourg Saint Germain, where she lived, Madame de Vivian again saw before her eyes, much more distinctly than in reality, this virgin of sublime aspect, whose vision had just passed before her. Directly and at the first glance, with the rapidity of lightning, she had fallen in love with Alix Josselin in behalf of her son. Imperatively and resolutely she took possession of her, and saw her beneath the dazzle of diamonds and in the splendor of triumphs. Now in the old scion of the Rue de Lille revived, she gathered around her all the flower of Paris, beautiful and graceful women, with blue blood in their veins, and also illustrious noblemen, servants, captains, and all those thanks to whom Paris is Paris. At other times, on the steps of her castle, she descended on Pierre's arm toward her horse with the long mane, pawing the ground with his feet. There on her estates, and also in the city, she ardently obeyed her instincts of charity, relieving the sick and aiding the poor. Or with a prodigal hand she bought pictures and statues for her palaces. Or in the shadow of a vast studio, hung with old tapestries, she was seated before an organ, and giving to a few chosen friends the sorrowful and voluptuous delights of music.

So the dreams crowded upon one another in the thoughts of the Duchess de Vivian, and perhaps the strangest feature of them was that all were to be realized exactly and literally. On reaching home, the Duchess Paula told her son of her extraordinary meeting, and painted for him Alix Josselin so to the life that the young savant saw her even before materially setting eyes upon her. He was, moreover, so exactly like his mother that all things gave them the same sentiments and the same impressions.

By the advice of the Duchess, Pierre de Vivian went the following Sunday to Saint-Nicola-sdes-Champs, where he was certain that Alix Josselin would go to mass at a very early hour. As she was praying, a ray of sunlight that annoyed her caused her to turn her head. Her eyes met those of the young duke, and directly she felt within her the delightful burn of love. Progress was not slow after that. Madame de Vivian returned to the shoemaker's shop, and asked for her son the hand of Alix, which she had not much difficulty in obtaining, for from the first interview she had conquered the shoemaker by her beauty and affability, and because she knew a good shoe when she saw it.

Meanwhile the Marquis d'Astarac had taken a stroll in the Rue Saint-Martin to try to get a glimpse of his future niece.

"My faith!" said he to Madame de Vivian, "you have made a lucky stroke there, for your young girl is certainly the finest piece of work that has been accomplished in this end of the century. Now, you know that I am credited with some diplomatic talent. Josselin has relatives in Touraine; if you like, I will try to get him to go and live with them."

"Oh," said the Duchess, "why should we exile a Parisian who adores the pavements of Paris? If we had to blush for him, it would be because he made bad shoes, and that is just the opposite of the truth. So, without concealment or blushes, let us take the true duchess where nature has placed her. Let us have the courage of our opinions, and be aristocrats to the end."—[The Transatlantic.

## Limitations of Electricity.

A prominent railway financier has recently been reported as saying that in five years every railroad in this country will be run by electricity, and there will be no further use for the thousands of locomotives now in service. If the gentleman ever did hazard any such rash prediction, it only illustrates the old proverb about the shoemaker sticking to his last, for there is a wide gulf fixed between the financial reorganization of a railroad, and the practical operation of its trains.

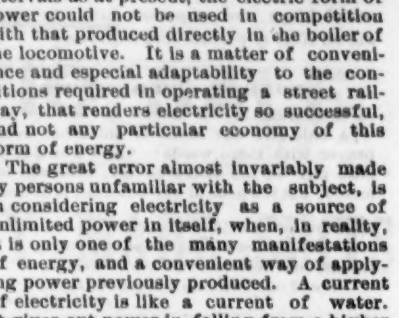
We do not believe that it is practically possible to operate an ordinary railroad by electric power. It would require the erection of immense power houses every few miles, fitted with costly steam engines and dynamos, which must be arranged to develop many hundred times the power required to operate the street railways of a city, and the expense would be much greater than that of the locomotives now in use. The uncertainty of this form of power would also be an objection; stoppages of the entire traffic for periods varying from five minutes to several hours are not uncommon on electric street railways at the present time, and, while this is a comparatively unimportant affair on a short local line, it would be a very serious matter in the case of a great railroad with its hundreds of trains.

The economy of electricity as applied to street railways is found in the fact that it displaces the much more costly form of power in the shape of horses previously in use. Electric power is produced by burning coal; horse power by burning hay and grain. If the conditions were such that locomotives could be used in the streets of a crowded city, and the cars run in long trains instead of separately and at frequent intervals as at present, the electric form of power could not be used in competition with that produced directly in the boiler of the locomotive. It is a matter of convenience and especial adaptability to the conditions required in operating a street railway, that renders electricity so successful, and not any particular economy of this form of energy.

The great error almost invariably made by persons unfamiliar with the subject, is in considering electricity as a source of unlimited power in itself, when, in reality, it is only one of the many manifestations of energy, and a convenient way of applying power previously produced. A current of electricity is like a current of water. It gives out power in falling from a higher to a lower potential, just as the water turns the mill-wheel as it falls from a higher to a lower level, but neither have any power in themselves. The radiant energy of the sun has lifted the water from the ocean to the hills, and the same radiant energy has been stored up in the coal plants of previous ages, and is liberated and transformed into power in the furnaces and boilers of our modern steam engines. Whether this power shall be used directly, as in a locomotive engine, or passed through the intermediate form of electricity, as in the street railway motors, is a question to be decided by special conditions, and these conditions in the case of a long line of railroad are such that we have no hesitation in saying that it will always remain impracticable to operate such trains by electric motors, and there will probably be no radical change in the present type of steam locomotive for many years to come. Electricity is a very convenient means of applying a limited amount of power, but it is only a manifestation or form of energy, and in no sense a source of energy or power in itself.

Miss C. W. Bruce offers the sum of six thousand dollars during the present year in aiding astronomical research. No restriction will be made likely to limit the usefulness of this gift. In the hope of making it of the greatest benefit to science, the entire sum will be divided, and in general the amount devoted to a single object will not exceed five hundred dollars. Precedence will be given to institutions and individuals whose work is already known through their publications, also to those cases which cannot otherwise be provided for, or where additional sums can be secured if a part of the cost is furnished. Applications are invited from astronomers of all countries, and should be made to Professor Edward C. Pickering, Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., before October, 1, 1890, giving complete information regarding the desired objects.

Mrs. John McWilliams, a Nebraska wife, prays the Court to restrain her lawful husband "from patting her on the head, poking her in the ribs and talking baby talk to her."

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## LOOKING FORWARD.

*[Under this head will be published articles, original and selected which will interest students of social science. Especially, as we believe, will this department interest those who believe that the Republic itself or the Commonwealth is right in taking up many duties for which kings and emperors have to engage the services of private corporations.]*

### NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

[A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the street to-day, cold and barefooted; but it's none of our business, is it, God?"]

"None of our business!" wandering and sinful,
All through the streets of the city they go,
Hungry and homeless in the wild weather—
"None of our business!" Dare we say so?

"None of our business!" Children's wan faces,
Haggard and old with their suffering and sin;
Hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms,
Sorrow without, but the home light within.

What does it matter that some other woman—
Some common mother—in bitter despair,
Wails in a garret or sits in a cellar,
Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer?

"None of our business!" Sinful and fallen.
How they may jostle us close on the street!
Hold back your garment! scorn? they are used to it;
Pass on the other side, lest you should meet.

"None of our business!" On, then the music;
On with the feasting, though hearts break forlorn.
Somebody's hungry, somebody's freezing,
Somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying (on the dancing!)
One for earth's pottage is selling his soul,
One for a bauble has bartered his birthright,
Selling his all for a pitiful dole.

Ah! but One goeth abroad on the mountain,
Over lone deserts with burning deep sandal
Seeking the lost ones (it is His business!)
Bruised though His feet are, and torn though His hands.

Thorn crowned His head and His soul sorrow stricken
(Saving men's souls at such infinite cost),
Broken His heart for the grief of the nations!
It is His business saving the lost!

—London Christian Commonwealth.

### ADIN BALLOU.

Neither college nor divinity school proved more beneficial to me than Adin Ballou and his book entitled "Practical Christian Socialism." It is now thirty-six years since "that faithful volume was sent forth on an arduous and responsible mission." It claims to be an exposition of the true system of human society, and such it is, says its author. "It presents theoretically a complete social superstructure from foundation to pinnacle."

It rests on the sovereignty of truth and right in all human relations public and private. Its fundamental principles of truth, personal righteousness and social order are in accord with the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ. Mr. Ballou's ability and character were eminently of a religious and practical type.

He not only had a genius for systematising related truths and duties, but for exemplifying a holy spirit in his long and eventful life. All the region around his scene of labor, felt the power of his personality, and thousands sought his benediction on occasions of great joy and sorrow.

The Hopedale community was of the joint stock class of many years standing. Its members voluntarily feel bound to participate in a sword sustained government and never resist evil doers with evil in any form. It was expected to be the parent of a numerous progeny, to have a unitary mansion, bakery, refectory, bath and laundry. It failed not from any defect in its fundamental ideas, but from the lack of a competent constituency. Though grievously disappointed, Mr. Ballou never lost his vigor but kept up his vocation as an author to a ripe old age.

His great work on practical socialism contains information, instruction, inspiration on the most important subjects that can interest the human mind. His views of property, education, amusements, marriage, evolution, though promulgated nearly forty years ago are far in advance of our times. Nationalists and Christian Socialists would be greatly benefited by the study and practice of Mr. Ballou's table of fundamental principles of truth, personal righteousness and social order. A vast amount of preparatory discipline is requisite and will be compassed before a common stock community will be possible, even if desirable.

W. G. BABCOCK

### Russian Prisons.

There are four categories of prisoners recognized by Russian law, and it is to meet the requirements of these that the prisons are supposed to be constructed and maintained; 1. Those who are charged with having committed a crime, but may prove to be perfectly innocent of it (sledstvennye) 2. Persons detained "administratively," viz., (a) "political misdemeanants" not condemned by any court of law, but whom the authorities deem it desirable to deprive of their legal rights and to punish as convicts; (b) the members of tax-paying societies, such as the Mir, who have been expelled by their fellow-members and handed over to the Government for deportation to Siberia without being accused or suspected of any crime or misdemeanor whatever, but who are being forwarded to their native place at the request of relatives, guardians or the authorities. 3. Convicts properly so called who are being deported in virtue of a legal sentence condemning them to live in Siberia, to colonize it, to serve their time in convict battalions, in penal servitude, or in a central prison. 4. Criminals who are undergoing incarceration as an independent species of punishment to which they have been sentenced by the law courts for crimes ranging from common assault or larceny up to wilful murder. In theory Russian prisons keep these four classes of persons quite separate from each other, and humanely provide for treatment varying in rigor in proportion to the degree of the prisoner's guilt. In reality the more brutal and case-hardened a criminal is the more consideration he receives at the hands of his jailers; the more savage and beastly his instincts, the greater his opportunities to gratify them. Simplicity is unfortunately the only merit that can be predicated of the reality, which is utterly at variance with theory. "Provincial prisons are in the majority of cases so small and their financial resources so slender that the more you divide them into partitions the more each room looks like a dog kennel in Naples. The most important functions of all are exercised by the so-called "forwarding prisons" (peressylnye) which have been aptly likened to prisoners' hotels, where meetings between the members of the entire criminal world are continually taking place. In any one of them you will find, especially during the period of winter confinement, representatives of all the peoples and tongues of the Russian empire, men guilty of all categories of crime, and stained with every degree of guilt, convicted, suspected, untried, notoriously innocent. A short summary of some of the official data published by the Russian Government in 1885 will enable us to form a more correct idea of the life that throbs within these terrestrial hells than any theoretical description. During the year ending in 1885, in addition to the 94,488 convicts who remained since the previous year, no less than 726,506 prisoners arrived in the various places of detention in the empire. Of these 116,998 were deported convicts; 324,807 were criminals on their way to their respective destinations; 11,631 were prisoners of other categories, and "administratives," and 52,904 were of their own free will accompanying the convicts. That same year 722,021 were taken off the list, of whom 103,453 were exiles deported; 319,375 were being forwarded to various destinations; 10,939 were "administrative," and 50,054 were, of their own free will, accompanying their relatives, who were convicts.

Consequently during that year there passed through the *etapes* and the various forwarding prisons of Siberia 506,340 prisoners. When we reflect that a large proportion of this army of half a million criminal nomads—about 300,000—are every year being sent backwards and forwards, we can form some idea of the difficulty of the problem which a humane Russian Government will sooner or later be called on to solve. To regulate the conduct of legions of desperadoes who are here to-day and gone to-morrow is a task for the execution of which something more than good intentions combined with brute force is indispensable. The Central Prison Board, it should be said to its credit, has endeavored to induce the Government to take some measure to mitigate the evils of the present system, and has, among other things, given strict orders that every forwarding prison should contain separate sections for convict families, much as zealous young country doctors occasionally insist upon an indigent patient purchasing beefsteaks and port wine, forgetful that he has not the wherewithal to buy even a platter of porridge or a meal of cold potatoes. There is not a prison in Siberia that does not contain from two to four times the maximum number of prisoners for which it was constructed. The effects of this overcrowding are far more horrible than anything that can be realized by readers who have never seen prisons on the associated system moderately filled. It is the cause of inconceivable human misery; the rooms are transformed into loathsome cesspools, hotbeds of every species of disease, physical and moral; the stench of the noisome air is intolerable; the clammy, clinging vapors which poison the body seem to eat into and dissolve the very soul; and to all these miseries is superadded a torture akin to that the mere anticipation of which seemed to Shelley's Beatrice a more terrible hell than any that priests or prophets ever conjured up to terrify guilty consciences with; the hated presence of human fiends, who are killing the souls as well as the bodies of the majority of the prisoners. Internal prison control on the part of the authorities is a fiction; inspectors and inspected strike up an agreement in virtue of which the forwarding prison becomes for the winter a semi-independent oligarchy, governed—or misgoverned—by a few desperate villains among the worst class of the so-called tramps. These few ringleaders, resolved to live as comfortably as they can till marching time begins again, take the reins of government in their hands, organize and put in motion all the complicated machinery that takes every prisoner in hand and shapes his life and slightest actions, and, turning the prison into a hell enjoy the rights and privileges of devils.—[E. B. Lanin, in The Fortnightly Review.

### Politics and Civic Duty.

"As a moral influence on the poor and ignorant," says Editor Godkin in a recent paper, "the clergyman and philanthropist are hopelessly distanced by the politician." No social organization comes so near or exercises so constant an influence on the lower classes as the municipal government. The policeman in their neighborhood, the alderman in their ward, are the representatives of the ruling power with which they are hourly brought in contact. The health department inspects their homes and looks after their alleys. The street department cleans their streets. Some municipal officer is continually reminding them that the municipal authority is a most potent influence. They see ignorant, incompetent, corrupt officials daily neglecting their duties and violating the laws they are presumed to enforce. They know that the alleys are not cleaned; that houses are improperly inspected; that policeman are law-breakers. They see that a "political pull" goes further than honesty or fidelity to duty. They see that politics is a game of spoils, that officials use their places to rob taxpayers. As these practices go on daily, year in and year out, before their eyes the ignorant reason that some unwritten law of which they know nothing has legalized corruption in office. They seek the favor of men growing rich by municipal speculation in order they may in some way share their gains. Men no more intelligent than themselves hold lucrative positions, their work is easy, and their prosperity apparent. The clergyman may inveigh against municipal rascality but the ignorant and poor regard him as an idealist who knows nothing of politics and who preaches a theory not applicable to existing affairs. The prosecution of derelict officials they frequently regard as the officious or malicious interference of misguided or spiteful citizens who seek their own advantage. This opinion was apparent in the recent attempt to punish the 24th ward repeaters and the "boodle" aldermen. A class quite respectable in numbers sympathized with the corruptionists. They were not at all criminal or connected with the criminal classes. They had been taught by experience that speculation was the proper thing and election frauds were not crimes. They had seen so much political crime go unpunished that they concluded that violations of law in behalf of party organizations were not criminal offences. Nothing is clearer than that the people should make their influence in politics a power. No greater field is offered the clergyman than in the politics of his ward. Nowhere can he reach so many men needing his influence. No greater service can he render the church than by purifying the politics of his neighborhood. The corruption of politics reaches his pews and demoralizes his people. The criminal classes combine to put criminals in office, or persons under the influence of the criminal classes. The criminal is in constant need of protection from the law. Who so potent as his alderman, or the political leaders of his neighborhood? The criminal classes never go out of politics. They are daily in need of some one in power to stay the hand of the law. The unthinking citizen sees the criminal escape through political influences. If he gets into trouble himself he never thinks of appealing to his clergyman. He goes to his alderman, who has probably been in the predicament in which he finds himself. The alderman can do more for him than the clergyman. No wonder that he values the former more highly and gives him his allegiance, his vote, and the little influence he may possess. Spasmodic movements towards reforming politics amount to nothing in the matter of lasting benefits. The only way to better the condition of politics is for clergyman and philanthropists, the honest and the pure, to make politics an absorbing portion of their civic duty. They owe it to official integrity, to political purity, to honest government, to the moral welfare of the community.—[Chicago News.

### The Law is Perfectly Clear in This Matter.

Somebody has come forward with a formidable query as to how long a person may monopolize one of the compartments provided for preparing ballots, and the attorney-general is said to regard it as a somewhat serious question. The law says that a person shall remain in or occupy one of those compartments "in no case longer than ten minutes, when all the other booths or compartments are occupied." That seems to be sufficiently explicit, but if a person spoils a ballot he may obtain another full set on returning the first, "and so on successively, not exceeding four full sets in all." Now, then, quoth the anxious inquirer, can an obstructive person occupy a booth ten minutes in spoiling a ballot, get another set and go on with the same performance, and so keep possession for forty minutes? If so, a dozen such persons may hold a booth all day, and by some sort of conspiracy to get and keep possession of all of them there may be a serious obstruction to voting. This sounds so much like one of Governor Hill's earlier objections to the ballot law that we wonder he never thought of it. It is based upon the supposition that somebody is going to get up a conspiracy to obstruct voting and hinder the election, and that such an attempt could not be interfered with. But it is perfectly plain from the provisions of the law that no person by wilful loitering can in any case occupy a booth more than ten minutes if it is wanted by any one else, whether his occupation is intermittent or continuous.

So far as questions raised about the application of the various provisions of the law are serious, there will be no difficulty in furnishing answers to them, but before the different officers charged with the performance of any duty under it are called upon to take action there ought to a set of resolutions issued which will make their duties plain to them. There are politicians who are anxious to raise difficulties and to make the working of the law appear troublesome to the voters, and in some cases there may be attempts to obstruct it. We do not believe there will be many such, but the way should be made as clear as possible. This should not be left entirely to public officials, for they may not feel sufficient interest and zeal to attend thoroughly to the matter. The ballot reform league in Massachusetts performed a very important function last year in making the first application of the new ballot law in that state successful. It allowed neither public officials nor voters to remain in ignorance as to its provisions or to the part they had to play in carrying them out.

We have a ballot reform league here which did noble service in securing the passage of the act as we have it. This organization ought now to bestir itself to see that everything is done to promote its successful application, and that any effort to embarrass its operation shall be defeated. There is really no difficulty whatever, so far as voters are concerned, provided public officials and inspectors of elections understand their duties and faithfully perform them. No excuse for failure or mistake should be left to any of these. The law is clear enough, notwithstanding the numerous questions that have been addressed to the attorney-general, but there will need to be some watchfulness and attention on the part of those who desire its success to prevent negligence or blundering. The ballot reform league should devote its attention to making the new system of voting successful at the start.—[New York Times.

### Marriage With Drunkards.

The efforts to raise the poor and degenerated inebriate and his family are practically of no value as long as marriage with inebriates is permitted. Recently the legislature of the state of Victoria, in Australia, has passed a law which gives a wife the right of divorce if the husband is found to be an habitual drunkard. If after marriage she discovers that he is an inebriate, she can also get a divorce. The husband can do the same with a wife if she is proved to be an inebriate. This is a clear anticipation of the higher sentiment which demands relief from the barbarous law which would hold marriage with an inebriate as fixed and permanent.—[Jour. of Inebriety.

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has been used over fifty years by mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa whether arising from teething or other causes, and is for sale by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. twenty-five cents a bottle.

### One Page a Day.

One page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence in which that thought, or any part of it was expressed. Even slight effort at "giving attention" will increase power of concentration. The world opened by that single page, may awaken a new intellectual interest, quicken curiosity, sharpen appetite, and suggest thoughts of his own to the mind of the reader. The simple passing of well expressed ideas across his mental horizon will enlarge his world, enrich his mind, refine his tastes, increase his vocabulary, and give him new interest in the topics which obtrude themselves upon him in these days, when every body is thinking, and when great events are crowding into the wonderful history now being made. One page a day guarantees so much gain of knowledge and power to the attentive and interested reader.

Of course the results of one page a day will be scarcely appreciable. One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain three hundred and sixty-five days. One a day will therefore grow in one year into a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages. Now, at three hundred pages to a book, one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes. He who in a decade reads with interested and inquiring attention twelve volumes is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single page should stimulate thought that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such a reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar." He may be, in some sense, a master of twelve big books. And if they be the right books, no master of a larger library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.—[Canada Presbyterian.

### Looking Backward.

"Madam," said the eminent surgeon, "I am happy to say we have discovered at last the cause of your husband's condition. A small portion of the skull was fractured by the injury that deprived him of consciousness a year or more ago, and a splinter has been pressing upon the brain. I have located the fracture, and in a few minutes, with the help of my assistants, the splinter will be removed. You must not be surprised, madam," he continued, at anything he may say when he returns to consciousness. It has been many a long month since the injury happened to him, but you will remember that to him there has been no lapse of time whatever. If he was interrupted in the course of any remark he was making at the time of the accident he will finish that remark as soon as the pressure is removed from the brain."

The surgeon resumed his place at the bedside of the unconscious patient, and the operation proceeded. It was a complete success. The moment the splinter was removed from the man's brain a natural look came into his eyes, and his anxious friends in the room adjoining heard him say in a slow, hesitating monotone:

"—— hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?"—[The Chicago Tribune.

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The latest move of the men controlling the warehouses of the Northwest is that they will not store grain for the farmers as usual, but compel immediate sale at their own terms. It will ruin thousands of farmers and convince all of them that it is time to combine or in a short time it will do them no good, for it is going from bad to worse as fast as it is possible, and still some of the most stupid from sheer negligence fail to join with their friends to help themselves. It is sickening to think of the misery and suffering throughout the length and breath of the land, caused by the misrule of partisans and the neglect of the men to unite for self-protection. A faint gleam of light appears and soon it will be a full blaze of glorious liberty such as has not been seen before, if the masses follow a common sense move instead of party lines. Yes, there were Tories in the land when our fathers were struggling for liberty, and you may expect them now. Hessians murdered their fellow men for money, and far worse than Hessians are doing the same thing now for less pay; one can but wonder at the indifference exhibited by the heartless robbers who are scheming to get the life blood of their fellow mortals, that they may amass wealth to an extent that would make them little gods in their own estimation, and criminals in that of other people. Every day another link is added to the chain of oppression, and were it not that people thought it could be remedied by the ballot, bullets would fly thicker than hail.—[Co-operator.

### FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

A most delightful Sunday excursion, is to take the 8.10 a. m. train on the New York & New England R. R. via Providence to Oakland Beach, the excursion ticket is only $1.25.

Before placing orders for heating apparatus, house-owners will do well to inspect the large and varied stock at the sales rooms of the Kohler Furnace and Steam Heating Company at 788 Washington St. Boston.

The Sunday boats leaving Rowe's Wharf for Nantasket, Downer Landing, Hingham &c. are as popular as ever, and even at the low price charged for the fare (25 cts.) must be making good returns to the owners.

Dr. Hollace's Royal Electric Pad, seems to go toward proving Napoleons famous saying that electricity was life. The Pad is said to be used with much benefit in cases of Rheumatism.

The sale of ladies ready-made suits still continues at Silas Drew & Company's store 15 Tremont Row Boston, a few weeks ago, owing to the relinquishing of business in the sale of ready-made suits, by the New York firm of Schultz Bro. and Blath, Mr. Drew was able to buy at a very great reduction, all their stock of such goods, more than nine hundred suits altogether. These are all of the latest designs and materials and are now being offered for sale at very low prices. Ladies wishing to purchase a nice dress, at a moderate price, will find it to their advantage to pay a visit to this store and inspect the bargains that are to be found there.

### The Buena Vista on Beacon Hill.

Boston has these many years been famed for the excellence of its hotels; their number is by no means small, and their fame is spread throughout the land. Another is now added to their list, and one that stands well at the top; indeed among those hotels known as distinctly private family hotels, it is doubtful if the new "Buena Vista" does not stand first. Its location is certainly the finest in the city; it is at 62 & 64 Beacon St., on the sunny slope of Beacon Hill, that name suggestive of all that is old and well established in Boston aristocracy. The windows of the hotel look out over the broad stretch of Common, with the shaft of the monument, and the waters of the pond gleaming through the trees at the left, and the varied beauties of the Public Garden immediately below on the right. The interior view is even finer than the exterior, for it is safe to say that no other hotel in Boston has been so expensively and tastefully appointed. Hard wood floors, laid in simple but effective patterns and highly polished, are strewn with the costliest rugs. The walls and ceilings are decorated in designs of great beauty.

There are many pieces of furniture, single pieces, costing over a thousand dollars; handsome mahogany sideboards, rich in material, and most elaborate in work, artistically and delicately carved, and desks, bookcases and chiffonniers of the same character. Upon the walls hang the handsomest tapestries, and pictures by the foremost painters of recent times.

The cuisine will be under the management of Mr. Vercelli, the Boylston St. restaurateur; and the statement of this simple fact makes further comment upon its excellence unnecessary for the Boston public.

There are also connected with the hotel perfectly appointed and commodious stables, so that those who wish a carriage service will have one much more convenient than is usually possible in hotel life. It is the purpose of the proprietor, Mr. Bowie, to make this the most perfect family hotel, not only in the city of Boston, but in the country. The rooms are arranged in suites of several rooms, so that the guests can enjoy the feeling of plenty of room, quite as if they were in their own houses. Naturally, only people of culture and refinement will be found under such a roof as this; and Mr. Bowie and his thoroughly charming wife, both people of no humble standing in the world of art, will add greatly to the intellectual character of the circle of people they will naturally attract around them.


**THE TONNAGE**

Of the world, steam and sail, is in round numbers 21,000,000—of which 50 per cent. is British, showing the supremacy of English marine interests. The supremacy of the G. O. Taylor Old Bourbon and G. O. Taylor Pure Rye Whiskeys, is also a well established fact. For years these superior beverages have been prime favorites by reason of their long age and rare purity. Druggists and Grocers sell them. Our firm name is on the label and over the cork. CHESTER H. GRAVES & SONS, Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass.



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## GIGANTIC SALE

— OF —

## LADIES' READY MADE SUITS!

SILAS S. DREW & CO., 15 Tremont Row, have succeeded in purchasing at an unprecedented sacrifice, the entire stock of Ladies' Suits of the largest and best known Manfactuerer and Importer in New York—the firm being about to relinquish business.

We shall offer this stock for sale, at prices lower than ever fore named in this country, for this class of goods

Space will not allow to recapitulate all the attractions to be fo nd in the stock, but we will mention a few to give the public an approximate idea of its magnitude and merits.

### 269 Fine All-Wool Cashmere Suits,

Both black and colors, made up in the very best and most stylish manner and in a variety of styles—some plain, some elaborately trimmed. The material of which these suits are made and the workmanship is of the best quality, and there is not a suit in this whole lot but what cost the firm either to make or import, $25 to $50. We shall offer them during this sale from **$10.00 to $19.00.**

### 251 Silk and Satin Suits,

Both black and colors, all very rich and costly made. Some plain, but very best quality of silk. Some beautifully trimmed, and every suit in this lot of the very latest and most stylish "cut and fit." We unhesitatingly pronounce this the best and most complete stock of silk suits ever shown in this country. Every suit in the lot is worth from $30 to $100. We shall sell them from **$18.00 to $38.00.**

We advise all who contemplate buying a suit to make sure to embrace this opportunity to select a suit from this lot.

### 383 Broadcloth, Flannel, Tricot, Mohair, Brilliantine, Etc.,

Both in black and colors. This lot consists of an immense variety of styles and is very attractive. The manufacturer's average price for the lot was over $45; we will sell them from **$8.00 to $25.00.**

We wish to impress it upon the minds of purchasers that this line of suits is from a house long distinguished for its leadership in artistic skill and perfection in workmanship and the manufacture of ladies' suits. We have no fear of being contradicted when we say that it is the

**Best Lot of Suits ever Offered for Sale in this Country.**

We are aware that the broadcloth, flannel, and other heavy-weights among the lot could be sold at much higher prices later in the season, but we have decided to offer them all for sale at this time, at such low prices that customers can afford to buy them this early, there-by making an immense saving.

During this sale we have engaged extra and competent dressmakers; so that customers can have their alterations quickly made, but in order to expedite business, to all customers who desire to make their own alternations we will allow $1 a suit. We can fit any one, the stock embracing all sizes, from 32 to 46 bust measure.

**Remember th' Place**

## SILAS S. DREW & CO..

**15 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.**

To accommodate the public, we have placed a part of the stock in our Branch Store, the "Parisian Suit and Cloak Co.," 62 Hanover Street, and all who find it more convenient to visit that store will obtain the same goods.


---

The coal barons gravely inform the public that the price of coal will not be increased on account of the threatened strike for eight hours by the coal miners. The weather is warm now. But wait until the chill winds from the frozen north pay us their annual visit; then watch the price of coal rise, whether the miners win or lose. Great jokers, those barons.—[The Standard.


I have used Pond's Extract for myself and family for some time and find it to be the best article of the kind I ever used. It will remove stiffness and soreness of the muscles in a very short time, and in my opinion no base ball player or athlete should be without this valuable compound.

JAMES MUTRIE,
Manager New York Base Ball Club.

The best $3.00 Hat in Boston, at L. E. FLETCHER & CO.'S, 70 Boylston, Street.


The ten commandments, mostly negative, or laws of not doing, are not, all together, as weighty and broad upon the conscience as Christ's one positive law, "Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Not even the thunders of Sinai are any match for the silent thunders of Calvary.—[Horace Bushnell.

---

After the excitement of Encampment week, many will be obliged to recuperate their strength by going away to one of our numerous health resorts. Those going to Saratoga cannot do better than to go by the Fitchburg R. R; Hoosac Tunnel route, which is the shortest and quickest from Boston to Saratoga.

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## ABOUT WOMEN.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.

The truly good man is he who does not lose his child heart.—[Mencius.

Bangor, Me., has a woman superintendent of schools, Miss Snow, and the Whig says her appointment gives general satisfaction, as she is fully competent and has the entire confidence of everybody. Miss Snow will have the general supervision of the schools, be in charge of the examinations, etc., and will also remain a member of the school committee. She was formerly the successful preceptress of the East Side Grammar School in that city.

Miss Aimee Rapin is a young Swiss artist who had the misfortune to be born without arms. From her earliest childhood she showed astonishing dexterity in using her feet in place of hands, an accomplishment which improved with her years, and therefore the childs foot coverings were carefully arranged so that the toes should not be covered and confined by the stockings. One day when Aimee's mother was walking in the garden with her little girl, she was surprised to see her suddenly throw off her shoes and pluck a flower with her left foot, and then pull the petals off one after the other with the toes of her right foot. After her attention had thus been drawn to the suppleness and dexterity of her child, the mother took pains to cultivate it, and she succeeded beyond her expectations. She showed a talent for drawing and was sent to a school of art, where she distinguished herself. Miss Rapin now lives in Paris, where she is known, not as a curiosity for the public, but as an artist of the first rank. The ease and security with which she holds her brush between the great and second toes of her right foot, and guides it over the paper borders on the miraculous; and as she is very quick and clever in discovering resemblances, she has chosen portrait painting for her specialty.

Mary E. Wilkins, the inimitable author of New England dialect stories, has written a play entitled "Giles Corey, Yeoman," its time and scene in the witchcraft days of Massachusetts. The drama was read at the Deerfield summer school of history and romance by Miss Jordan, professor of rhetoric at Smith College, and pronounced highly successful by the literary audience there assembled. The play will soon be published, and will probably be prepared for the stage, its present form not being suitable for acting.

Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress, who entered the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburg, Pa., some time ago, is described as being as firm as ever in her determination to become a recluse. As Sister Catherine she enjoys no special distinction among her associates on account of her wealth and prominence, she has the same probationary labors and corporal privations as her sister novitiates, and is obliged like them to strive for the effacement of self in a spirit of absolute humility. During the winter and spring she studied the duties of a nurse at the Mercy Hospital with a degree of diligence and devotion to which many a sufferer has furnished thankful testimony. Later on she assisted the teachers in the academy attached to the Mercy Convent and also helped the two sisters who have charge of the colored school on Fulton street under the auspices of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. She will continue this work during the coming year.

A new janitress recently dumped into her waste-paper receptacle at the Mills Building in New York, the stenographer's type-written report of the sittings on the Fassett Committee. When the loss was discovered, there was constination in the great law office where they belonged; the waste receptacles in the building were searched, as were all the junk shops in the neighborhood, but all in vain. Fortunately the report can be duplicated—at a cost of $2,000.

The capacity of women for university studies received a striking illustration the other day at Magill College, Canada, when three of the five medals were carried off by lady students. In the department of philosophy one of the ladies was placed first, while another stood second, being only a few marks lower. Morrin College, another Canadian seat of learning, has on its roll of B.A.'s a number of ladies, and the professors testify that these hold their own with students of the other sex.

Mrs. Bridget O'Donnell, who was lately buried at Holyoke, Massachusetts, was followed to the grave by eighty-five direct decendants. A poor Irish woman, Mrs. O'Donnell settled in Holyoke when it was a huddle of shanties, and had a hard struggle to rear her twelve children, till her oldest son, John, a bricklayer, accidently discovered that the soil of Hadley's Falls, close by, was rich with blue brickclay, and scraping together six hundred dollars quietly bought up all the clay beds, opened brick-yards and presently had built a city of mills and furnaces, and enriched his whole family.

## THE MIRROR.

Little ruchings add much to the dressy and becoming effect of the severe skirts.

Sometimes long full sleeves of plain mousseline de soie are added to the waists of evening gowns that are cut low in the neck.

Mantles are fantastic and elaborate, and come in an endless variety of styles. This is a jet season, and handsome jet trimmings brighten up almost every handsome wrap.

Even on garden hats flowers are just now less used than feathers, notwithstanding the uncertain duration of the fluffy favorites and their perishableness.

All tones of yellow are considered chic and correct in costumes for both simple and elaborate occasions, and black and white is a favorite combination for young people.

The smart yachting gowns have a jacket of plain navy blue serge, forming a part of the bodice, while the printed serge is used for a blouse front under the jacket, for full sleeves and for a straight skirt.

Capes still rank high in popular regard from their convenience, but the sleeveless jacket is supplanting them in Paris. This garment, too, is easy of adjustment and does not crush and disarrange the large sleeves.

The key-note of the season's millinery, is its brilliancy in coloring, and a hazardous daring which introduces magenta, royal blue, tomato red, and a wealth of yellow, purple, and gold.

The most striking features of the season's costuming as passed in review, are the exquisite simplicity in style, the length of the dresses, the fullness and length of the sleeves, and the richness of the materials employed.

Steel-studded belts of tan-colored leather are worn with white flannel yachting gowns. Yachting hats of rough straw in sailor shape, are trimmed with a crown band of tan-colored Suede kid, like that of undressed kid gloves.

Sashes and floating ribbons are passee, the preference being for closer trimmings, for narrow belts ending in a chou, or a small bow with short ends, while skirts have clusters of choux and straight bands and rows of ribbon forming borders.

Velvet ribbon is much used for trimming light dresses of organdy, or plain India silk, and is chosen of the color prevailing in the flowers printed in the light ground; as leaf green and stem shades, or violet and a dark damask rose color.

Black net dresses have bows made of inch-wide black gros grain ribbon with straight satin edges. A single large bow trims the front of the corsage, which fastens invisibly on the left side, or else a smaller bow is on the corselet, with the ends waving far back on the sides of the waist.

High laced shoes, or buttoned boots of russet leather are fashionable walking-shoes this season. Low slippers of tan leather, or of the "velvet calf" leather in tan shades, are preferred to half-low shoes for watering-place wear; the lisle-thread, or silk stockings exactly match them in shade.

The straw trimmings are largely sold for the Ascot dresses. They have a net foundation wrought all over with silk and straw applique. Sometimes huge pearl beads are introduced, surrounded with antique coloring in faded heliotrope, pink, blue and green.

India silk fronts are seen for tea gowns, especially in deep old rose, worked all over, with white marguerites closely clustered together for a border and widely scattered over the rest of the material. Jet embroideries are in great demand, applied to net, crepe, silk, or satin.

Bold, aggressive patterns are promised for the autumn fabrics. Spots bigger than a five-shilling piece, big stripes, and checks that take an eighth of a yard to show, will be worn—so they tell me. Rough, coarse stuffs will be the mode too. Some of the materials here were of the texture of blankets. Only half a dozen yards would be needed for a dress, as quite plain skirts are likely to be the only kind worn for some time to come.

Some clever genius has conceived the original idea of producing a sort of double headed sunshade. The upper part resembles the ordinary sunshade, but in the handle is inserted a minature parasol in a reverse position which, opening outward forms a convenient receptacle for the freshly gathered flowers. To a lady gathering nosegays in her own well-ordered garden on a sunny morning, the invention would be acceptable, while to the pedestrienne it is indeed a delight and joy.


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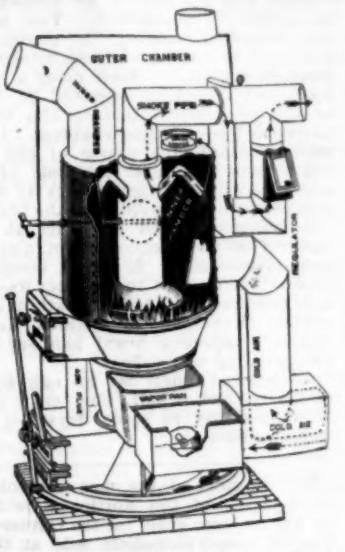


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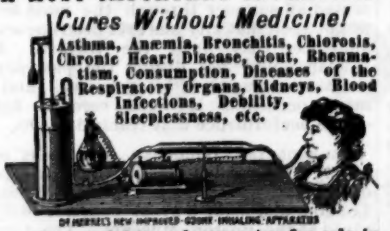

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## THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS.

At the *Hollis Street Theatre* large audiences have been nightly welcomed to the cozy auditorium where judicious touches of re-decoration add brightness to remembered brightness. The dramatic attraction was a military drama by Mr. Fred Stinson, called "A Divided House." It tells the story of a young southern girl who, in a moment of rage with her boy lover for electing to be loyal to the United States, in whose army he holds commission, marries his brother and rival to her hand, a Confederate colonel. The marriage takes place on the eve of battle, and the new made husband leaves within the hour, for the front. News of his death comes back to the plantation; his young widow, repentant of her injustice marries, though secretly, her first lover; later the colonel returns, matters having, meanwhile, been further complicated by the birth of a child to the secretly married pair, and much woe as may be imagined, is the result. All ends well, though only after a rather wholesale amount of killing off, all of which might perfectly well have been avoided with great gain to the naturalness and wholesomeness of the play. The old slave's death, for instance,—he being casually shot down, nobody knows by whom or can imagine for what,—is evidently an old-style bid for the tears of the audience, and is as inartistic as uncalled for. The whole last act, indeed, is impossibly bad in point of construction, and demands thorough re-writing if the play is to live. For the rest, the dialogue is terse and pointed and frequently of good literary quality, and there are many strong situations. The singing in the camp scene hints at a specialty act in its inappropriate elaboration, and the recitation of Taylor's fine ballad,—though given by Mr. Tabor with a mingled simplicity and fervor really thrilling in effect—is open even more widely to the same criticism. The acting was exceptionally good. Miss Banks, as the heroine, though showing too plainly in her earlier scenes the lack of that ease which belongs to training, was moving in her intensity in the trying moments at the beginning of the fourth act, where she confesses herself the mother of the discovered child. Miss Holmes was exceedingly charming in the lighter *role* of Olivia; Mr. Owen played an indifferent part with a finished and solid art that made it a leading one; Mr. Tabor's freshness and enthusiasm did all possible for the rather gloomy character of the sorely-tried young husband; and all the rest deserve at least honorable mention. Next week the new opera, "The Sea King."

***

The *Boston Theatre*, which opened its doors to the public last Monday evening, has been brilliantly rejuvenated during the weeks of its summer silence. We miss the great and famous old chandelier which was wont to dazzle our youthful sight: but doubtless oculists will applaud the change from the old lights to the new: and as to the excellent taste of the extensive changes in decoration there can be no two opinions; and we beg to add our congratulations to those which from every side are being tendered to the management by the press and the public.

The opening entertainment was given by a specialty company headed by Mr. Harry Kernell. The performance included unique and spirited gymnastic work by the Garnella brothers, graceful work by the Hungarian ballet, and marvellously agile and grotesque dancing by Mme. Sohlke. Mr. Kernell's sympathetic rendering of a group of Irish songs was enthusiastically appreciated.

Next week the Thatcher minstrel troupe for a brief season.

***

At the *Globe Theatre* the Gorham Minstrels have been attracting large audiences throughout the week. Mr. Layman's impersonations were exceedingly clever, and the droll extravaganza, "The Gondoliers," provoked continuous laughter. Next week Miss Lizzie Evans in "Fogg's Ferry." Since its production here four years ago, the play has been revised and re-written by Frank Dupee, and is now said to be very bright. The play will be produced with special new scenery by artist Young of the Broadway Theatre, New York, the set for the great explosion scene being especially realistic.

***

At the *Boston Museum* to-night's performance closes the very successful run of "Fauvette." It has proved a quite unusual summer attraction, both in its drawing power and general artistic merit. It has established Miss Williams high in favor with the Boston public, as a gifted singer and a modest and pleasing actress; and others of the company have been scarcely less fortunate in the impression made.

Next week Roland Reed in his always amusing presentation of "The Woman Hater."

***

At the *Howard Athenaeum* the Creole Burlesque Company has proved a drawing card; during the last week, the Grand Army visitors have attended in large numbers to witness every performance, and thoroughly enjoyed every number of the bright and pleasing entertainment; with such a good start, a continuation of success may fairly be expected. Next week Tony Pastor's Grand Double Company of American and European stars.

***

At the *Gaiety & Bijou* "Billee Taylor" is to be the attraction next week. The cast has been very strongly assigned and a satisfactory rendition of the popular opera is assured. Daniel Young will appear in the role of Capt. Felix Flapper, with Joseph W. Smith in the title role; Milton Aborn the Comedian as Ben. Barnacle. Miss Ethel Vincent will assume the role of Phœbe Farleigh and will be supported by Francis Harrison as Eliza Dalsey and Miss Cook as Susan.

The variety programme is of more than average merit. Frank La Rosa performer on the flying rings; John Welsh Irish vocalist; Lena Vernie balladist and Valdare the bicycle expert and others. Among the present attractions of the annex is a costly taxidermical exhibit that Manager B. F. Keith has lately purchased.

### MUSEUMS.

An attraction which drew immense houses will be offered to the patrons of Pilling's World's Museum, next week. This is the famous Hungarian ballet, led by Mme Sohlke. These dancers are to be the star features. They will however, be only a portion of the entertainment presented by the management. In the third floor will be shown the cycloramic representation of the "Capture of Fort Hatteras" in which sixty life sized figures of soldiers in battle are seen besides as many more upon canvas. On the stage a long and varied programme will be presented. Among the star specialty artists who have been engaged to appear are the following: Delmore and Wilson, in the sketch called "An afternoon Visit"; Bijou Mignon, the child soubrette and Minnie Hughes, vocalist; the Chases in their wonderful feats of memory, Michael Callahan, Harland and Rollinson, and others.

### Stage Whispers.

Bronson Howard's successful play, "Shenandoah," will celebrate the conclusion of one year's uninterrupted run on Sept. 8th. The anniversary performance will be given in St Louis, on Aug. 24th; the 100th performance of the play in Chicago will be given, where "Shenandoah" has been presented all summer through the most terrific hot spell that city has ever been known, to audiences that filled the theatre. Mr. Howard's play has during the past eleven months, averaged $7000 per week, and on many occasions has had receipts for a single performance that reached $1490.

On Sept. 1st, Buchanan and Sims' new play, "The English Rose" which was produced last week at the Adelphi Theatre London, and made a great success, will be given at the Boston Museum. The American rights of the play are owned by Al. Hayman and Charles Frohman, who, if the Boston production proves successful, will organize a company for New York city, and afterwards send it on a tour through the United States. The Getti Bros., owners and managers of the Adelphi, who have no interest in the American rights of "The English Rose," have cabled Messrs. Hayman and Frohman that it has proved "an immense success" in London.

At the 23rd St., Theatre, New York, Charles Frohman will, beginning Sept. 8th, produce Wm. Gillette's latest success, "All the Comforts of Home."

In observance of Florists' Week, Mr. Field has arranged with Mr. Wm. E. Doyle for a most elaborate floral decoration of the Grand Foyer and auditorium of the Boston Museum next week. It will doubtless be a beautiful display.

Messrs. Marcus R. Mayer and C. A. Abud of the International Manager's Agency have already cabled William J. Gilmore flattering offer for the English rights of "The Sea King."

R. E. Grahm will succeed Ed. Stevens as the principal comedian of the Gilmore Opera Company and is expected to make a greater hit with "Don Bambula" than did his predecessor.

Miss Ada Glasea who will be favorably recalled for her work in "The King's Fool", has succeeded Laura Clements and will be the prima donna of the Gilmore Opera Company.

We have received the Grand Army number of the Boston Daily Traveller, a most elaborate work containing a large number of portraits, and replete with interesting information concerning the G. A. R., and the history of Boston. It is well arranged, and will make a useful souvenir of Boston's Encampment week.

A grand military and full dress ball at the Nantasket Music Hall is to be held on Tuesday, Aug. 19. It is to be given under the auspices of the summer residents of Nantasket and neighborhood. The music for dancing will be supplied by Brook's New York Orchestra, (40 pieces); while another band will play for promenading. All arrangements for the Ball will be under the supervision of Robert Turner, Passenger Agent, Nantasket Beach Steamboat Co., Rowe's Wharf, to whom applications for tickets to be sent by mail should be made.

**The Boston Loan Company.**

The Boston Loan Company of 275 Washington St., Boston, is one of the best companies from which to obtain a loan of money on good security in any form, either pianos, furniture, staple merchandise, watches, diamonds, jewelry, or any kind of valuable property. Mr. R. W. Gage is the president of the company, and Mr. W. T. Rice is the treasurer. Their tranfactions are always characterized by strict justice to their patrons.

**Good Business at Restaurants.**

Messrs. J. S. Lewis and C. McKillop have been doing a rushing business at the Temperance Spa Luncheon and dining room, 36 Cornhill. At times, during the last week it has almost appeared as though our visitors would create a local famine, so many and hungry were they. Those who patronized the Temperance Spa, will take away with them, a pleasant recollection of Boston restaurants. For good cooking, and proper attention to the service this house has made a name for itself among the business men of the city.

**The American House.**

The efficiency of the American House under the management of Messrs. Russell & Sturgis, to accommodate an "Army" was fully established this week. Every room in the house was occupied, and many accommodated with cots. Such a tax upon a hotel's dining service would have been impossible at any other house in the city, but the repairs on the large general dining-room which has been going on for some time was completed Monday, which with the banqueting hall enabled them to cater to every want of their patrons without the rush and jam experienced at many hostelries.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIM:
**The poor have little; beggars none; the rich too much—enough not one.** All appreciate the popular prices of the
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As a powerful sexual tonic it is highly extolled. In barrenness and impotency it is a specific. Also in the waning powers wrought by age, over-indulgence or youthful indiscretion, it is regarded as an unfailing cure. As an invigorant to follow the bath or ball, it is highly recommended. The apathy that too frequently attends uncongenial married life is effectually removed. Indispensable to the votary of fashionable and sporting life, it stands without doubt among the greatest discoveries of the 19th century. Herbal, harmless, certain. Price, full supply, only **$5.00.** *Entrust your case to those whose reputation is a safeguard against foiture and deception.* Send for particulars with funds as above. *Sent discreetly.*
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"THE WOMAN HATER!"
In observance of this, the Flor of the GRAND FLORAL DECORATION o the Fo Hall and Theatre by Wm. E. Doyle.

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Second week of Preliminary Season.
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Next Attraction, Monday, Aug. 23.
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Shook & Collier's Military Drama,
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The Niblo's Theatre, New York, Success. The Greatest of all War Dramas, will be presented with new and elaborate scenic embellishments and a strong cast.
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PRICES—Best Reserved Orchestra Chairs, other seats, 50c. and 25c.
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BILLEE TAYLOR,
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GAIETY OPERA COMPANY,
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**Continuous Performance.**

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WILLIAM HARRIS....Proprietor and Manager.
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**Beachmont**—6.52, 7.30, 8, 8.40, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.30 a. m.; 12 m.; 12.30, 1, 1.15, 1.30, 1.45, 2, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45, 3.15, 3.30, 3.45, 4.15, 4.30, 4.45, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7, 7.15, 7.30, 7.45, 8, 8.15, 8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.30, 11.20 p. m.

**Crescent Beach**—6.52, 7.30, 8, 8.40, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.30 a. m.; 12 m.; 12.30, 1, and then every 15 minutes till 8.30, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 11.20 p. m.

**Oak Island**—6.52, 8, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.30 a. m.; 12 m.; 12.30, 1, then every 15 minutes till 8.30, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 11.20 p. m.

**Point of Pines**—6.52, 7.30, 8, 8.40, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.30 a. m.; 12 m.; 12.30, 1, then every 15 minutes till 8.30, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 11.20 p. m.

**Lynn**—6.52, 7.30, 8, 8.30, 8.40, 9, 10, 10.30, 11, 11.30 a. m.; 12 m.; 12.30, 1, then every 15 minutes till 8.30, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 11.20 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

**Winthrop Junction, Beachmont, Crescent Beach, Point of Pines and Lynn**—9.30, 10, 10.30, 11, then every 15 minutes till 9.30, 10, 10.20 p. m.

**Oak Island**—9.30, 10, 10.30, 11, then every 15 minutes till 9, 9.30, 10 p. m.

**Ingalls, Winthrop Centre, Winthrop Beach, Ocean Spray and Highlands**—Week days, 5.50, 7.14, 7.44, 8.14, 8.40, 9, then every half hour till 8.30, 9.20, 10, 20, 11.20 p. m.
Sundays—Every half-hour from 9.30 a. m., till 9.30, 10.15 p. m.

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## NANTASKET

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Steamers will Leave Rowe's Wharf

WEATHER PERMITTING,

For Hull (Pemberton Landing), at 9.30, 10.45, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3, 3.30, 5.15, 6.15, 7.40 p. m.
Return 8.55, 11.20 a. m., 12.50, 1.00, 2.20, 4.15, 5.20, 6.55 7.30, 9.50 p. m.
For Hull (Y. C. Pier), at 10.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m.
Return, 4.10, 6.50 p. m.
For Downer Landing, at 10.45 a. m., 2.30, 5.15 p. m.
Return 8.40 a. m., 12 m, 3.55, 6.35 p. m.
For Nantasket, by Boat, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3, 3.30, 5, 6.15 p. m.
Return, 8.11 a. m., 12.04, 1, 2, 2.30, 3, 4.20, 7, 8, 9.20 p. m.
For Hingham, (Barges leave Downer Landing for Hingham on arrival of Boat on Sundays.) Boat leaves Hingham for Boston at 8.30 a. m.
For Nantasket, by Boat and Rail, via Pemberton, at 9.30, 10.45, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3, 3.30, 5.15, 6.15, 7.40 p. m.
Return, 11.02, a. m, 12.32, 1.02, 2.02, 3.45, 5.02, 6.32, 7.02, 9.20 p. m.

Fare by Boat or Boat and Rail, 25 Cents each way.

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**No. 1—Leaves Boston 8.00 a. m. Daily.** Wagner Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Car for Cleveland, Cincinnati and Louisville. Wagner Buffet Vestibuled Sleeping Car to Chicago. Connecting at Albany with Wagner Vestibule Sleeping Car for St. Louis, via "Big Four Route."

**No. 3—Leaves Boston 8.30 a. m. except Sunday.** Wagner Buffet Drawing Room Car, Boston to Saratoga. Wagner Drawing Room Car Boston to Syracuse.

**No. 19—Leaves Boston 2.15 p. m. Daily.** Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Cars Boston to Detroit and Chicago. Arrives Chicago 4.50 p. m. next day.

**No. 5—Leaves Boston 3.00 p. m. Daily.** Wagner Vestibule Sleeping Cars to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo and Chicago, via L. S. & M. S. R. R. Wagner Vestibule Sleeping Car, Boston to Cincinnati, via "Big Four Route."

**No. 9—Leaves Boston 7.00 p. m. Daily.** Wagner Sleeping Car to Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago, via L. S. & M. S. R. R., also Wagner Sleeping Car to Detroit and Chicago, via M. C. R. R. Wagner Vestibule Sleeping Car to Cleveland and St. Louis, via "Big Four Route."

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**No. 49—Leaves Boston 11.00 a. m. except Sunday.** Buffet Drawing Room Cars and Coaches to New York, arriving 5.30 p. m. Six and one-half hours.

**No. 75—New York Limited Leaves Boston 4.00 p. m. Daily.** Drawing Room Cars and Coaches to New York, arriving 10.00 p. m. Only Six Hours. **Elegant Dining Car** on this train between Boston and Springfield.

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If any publication not in the above list is wished, we will supply it at a reduced price in connection with the Commonwealth.

# THE DAWN.

## THE ORGAN OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

REV. W. D. P. BLISS, EDITOR.

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A Story by Mrs. K. P. WOODS, the Author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker."

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## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE SCARECROW.

It was a regular Scarecrow-man,
Made on the old and well-known plan;
A cross of sticks in a garb forlorn,
That stood on guard in the field of corn.
And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile
As he put it up and whistled the while;
It would look to the crows so very ferocious,
So truly astounding and atrocious
That it tickled his fancy to think how they
Would catch a glimpse and flutter away.

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree,
And the young crow said to the old one, "See!
Now, what is that frightful thing out there?
It's enough any honest crow to scare!"
But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise,
Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes;
Something tickled him, but if 'twas a joke
His voice didn't show it a bit when he spoke,
As looking down on the younger crow
He said: "What is it?" "Ah! don't you know?

"Why, that as we wise ones all suppose,
Is the special patron saint of the crows!
We watch for his coming every year,
To tell when the feast of corn is here.
See how he stands with his arms stretched out!
He is calling the crows from all about!
Such a kind invitation is most alluring—
So very cordial and reassuring!
I think we had better accept—don't you?"
And down to the field of corn they flew.

—[Wallace E. Mather, in Wide Awake.

### Do Birds Think.

Do birds think? Let me tell you of a little bird I once had. The little bird was a female mocking bird who had a nest of young ones about a week old. The baby birds were very unhealthy, inheriting weakness from their father, who had asthma. Early one morning I was awakened by the mother bird standing on my pillow, pouring into my ear the most mournful notes I ever heard. I knew something was wrong, and arose at once. The mother flew to her nest, then looked to see if I was following, which I was. As soon as I reached the nest she took hold of one of the baby bird's wings, pinched it gently with her beak and watched it eagerly, I think, to see if it moved. Then she took hold of one of the little feet and pinched it in the same manner, and, finding it did not move, she looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to awaken them. I reached my hand toward the nest. She stood aside and looked on with as much interest and feeling as any young human mother.

I examined the lifeless little bodies, and when I withdrew my hand the mother hastened to hover over over the little ones, seeming to think that if she could warm them they would awaken. In a few moments she hopped off the nest, looked at her babies, held food close to their mouths and coaxed and called them, but in vain. She flew all around the room as if in search of some untried remedy. Several times she perched on my shoulder, and looked so distressed and pitiful I could scarcely keep from crying. I put her in a cage and hung her in the sunshine to see if would become quiet. She took a bath, but still remained nervous and seemed anxious, and by and by grew so restless I had to take her out of the cage and let her go to the nest again.

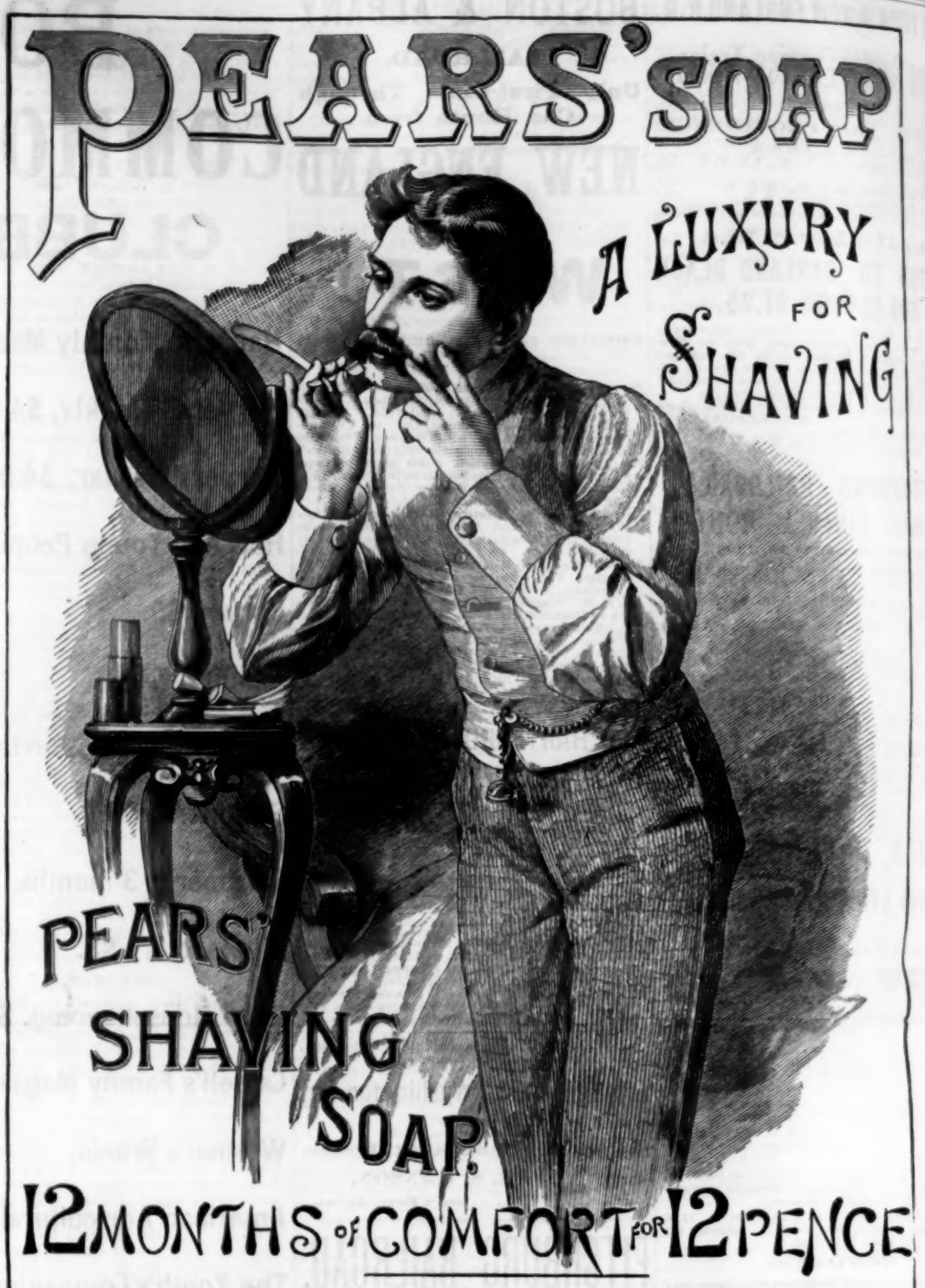
She stood quite a while looking at her dead children. Then she went over all the bodies—pinching them gently and watching them closely to see if they moved. When she saw no signs of life she seemed puzzled. She seemed at last to make up her mind the little ones were dead. And one by one she lifted them tenderly in her beak and laid them side by side in the middle of the room. She looked at them lovingly a moment, then flew to her empty nest and gazed wonderingly into that. Finally she perched on my shoulder and looked into my eyes, as if to ask: "What does all this mean?" What a lesson of love and devotion that little bird taught! She always fed the little ones before taking a mouthful herself, and sometimes she would stand coaxing them to take one more mouthful, and finding they had enough would swallow it herself.

---

Every boy and every girl should be taught to swim. The art, once learned, is never forgotton. It is mainly a matter of confidence, for the living human body, in a state of repose, will not sink. An appreciation of that fact and the proper propelling movements constitute the beginning and end of the art. No parent does his duty by his children, boys and girls alike, who fails to see to it that they learn to swim, and swim well, before they enter upon their teens.

---

Grandma is pretty well on in years now, and Time has left his marks in many wrinkles on her dear old face. Little Lucy was sitting in grandma's lap the other day, and after a long, inquiring gaze, asked: "Gran'ma, what makes your face all so mussed up?"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**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1890.**

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## AROUND THE HOUSE.

Salted almonds are rather a popular addition to afternoon tea, but it is best not to have more than two kinds of refreshment, one sweet and one savory. It is at once simpler and better form. In hot weather, however, lemonade and iced coffee may be served as well as tea, and will be gratefully accepted by guests who have just come from hot walks or rides.

A good cement for fastening knives and forks into their handles is made by melting one pound of colophony and eight ounces of sulphur. It may be kept in a box or reduced to powder. Take one part powder and mix with iron filings and fine sand or brick dust. Fill the cavity in the handle with this mixture, heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert. When cold it will be found to be firmly set.

There are many pretty things in the country which are decorative after the first effect has departed. Clusters of wild golden-rod, properly dried, will keep nearly all their brightness, and arranged with field grasses and ferns they make a beautiful panel for some unoccupied part of the wall. A bunch of cattails, thrust behind a picture of an evening scene, adds a delicate decorative touch.

One of the prettiest bouquets that can be gathered in the country is made of ferns which have been turned brown and yellow by the natural ripening of the plant, as botanists tell us, not by frost. Almost every shade from golden brown to ripe yellow is represented as early as August in these delicate forms. They must be pressed and thoroughly dried before they are made into bouquets. A cluster of these yellow ferns arranged with a few perfect green ones makes a beautiful corner on a bracket. If they are kept properly dusted they will last all winter. While there is something decidedly disagreeable in "littering up" a room with dried grasses, which catch the dust, a few such or a single panel can be easily taken care of with no fear of dust or litter.

## THE HEALTH.

Some forms of dyspepsia are caused by a deficiency of water in the system, as the drinking of too little water is much more injurious than the drinking of too much.

*Those who find* in difficult to sleep on account of the heat can readily circumvent old Sol by taking a bath. If it is only a hasty sponge bath, it will do wonders in cooling the body, softening and freshening the skin, and preparing the system for the ready enjoyment of tired nature's sweet restorer.

The English Mechanic prints the following as a speedy cure for rheumatism: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum—this will make curds and whey. Bathe part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and, after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases. This may be worth trying; it can certainly do no harm.

Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and *is* a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetisers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shalots, all of which are similar, possess medical virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious.

THE ROYAL
**Electric Pad.**

A cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Weakness, Debility and many so called incurable Diseases.

No one should be without one of these

**Wonderful Curative Pads.**

Will send by mail with full directions. Price 50 Cents. Sold by leading druggists.

BOSTON, May 22, 1890.

This is to testify that I have tested one of Dr. N. E. Hollace's Royal Electric Pads. I find with no resistance a current of ten Milliamperes, but with a resistance through the body two Milliamperes. (Signed) THOMAS HALL,
No 19 Bromfield St. ELECTRICIAN.

DR. N. E. HOLLACE,
187 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## THE TOILET.

If the face seems constantly dry, rub it with a trifle of olive oil every night for a time; if too oily, put a little borax in the water used for bathing.

The only way to improve the color of the hair is to keep the scalp clean and the locks by weekly washing with borax, ammonia or yolk of egg dissolved in water, and to brush it thoroughly twice a day from 50 to 100 strokes each time. Vaseline applied daily as a dressing will darken the hair slightly, and washing with diluted ammonia, one tablespoonful to two quarts of water, drying in the sun afterward, will bleach the hair by degrees. Oil of lavender is the best application to keep hair from falling, or to make it grow on high foreheads, if it will grow at all.

If the complexion is merely to be preserved a little careful dieting and bathing in elder flower water is advised. Not a particle of fat must be eaten, as it injures the polish of the skin. Here is a prescription that will clear the skin in a very short time: A tablepoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, then omitted for three mornings and taken again. A mixture of powdered brimstone or diluted glycerine should be rubbed on the face at night and washed off in the morning with soap and water in which there is a little ammonia. Washing the face in spirits of camphor, glycerine and ammonia is also very good, and various other methods are resorted to for this end.

### About Sunshine.

"I wish God had never permitted man to invent 'green blinds,'" said a gay and brilliant woman.

Why did she say it?

Because she saw, wherever she went, over our fair and sunshiny land, that green blinds were closely shut upon our comfortable houses, excluding the sun's light, which we may be sure God sends down for some blessed purpose. That blessed purpose is to promote growth, to give strength, to impart color, to gild with beauty, to inspire good thoughts and to insure light hearts and cheerful faces.

It is thoroughly well known that no valuable plant can grow well without being visited by the direct rays of the sun; no plant can bear seed, no fruit can ripen without it. It is thoroughly well known that no valuable animal can grow and perfect itself except it enjoys the direct rays of the life-giving sun. The pigs of a friend of mine which were shut under his barn, and which had everything favorable except the sunlight, failed to grow well; they did not at all equal those which had the ordinary run in the open air. So it is, as we all know, with city grown children; they are pale weaklings the world over.

The fish of the Mammouth Cave are white; their eyes are not opened, because they have never felt the glorious light; they are weak and imperfect, a kind of idiot, if fish are liable to that wretchedness.

Now, then, can man, can woman thrive if debarred this life-giving light? Can our lovely Americans afford to shut out this light from their houses, and grow idiotic in the dark? Are not green blinds a curse rather than a comfort? We appeal to our fine women, who wish to be strong, who wish to be beautiful, who abhor "low spirits," to consider this matter.

Recent discoveries have shown there is conveyed to animals by the direct action of the sun's rays a subtle current of iron. It does not exist in light, or but very slightly if at all, but it is a part of the sun's rays. Therefore we must enjoy these rays if we would feel their full effect. This iron it is which is supposed to give color to plants and animals and to impart strength and beauty. With strength and beauty come health and good spirits, and despondency and fear are banished.

Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore it is plain that poor sleepers should pass many hours in the day in sunshine and as few as possible in the shade.

Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts; they wear veils; they carry parasols; they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength, and beauty, and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate—they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two, and oblige thousands of admirers?

**For Over Fifty Years.**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the remedy for Diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

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10 CONCORD SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.
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Standard Medicine Company,

Gentlemen: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Indigestion for over 12 years; during the time have been doctoring with physicians of high standing. They gave me relief at times, but I kept constantly getting worse, so much so that I could scarcely eat anything without causing intense misery for a long time. I never left the table without being very hungry, so great was the pain caused by eating. I got very little rest at night. I have now taken three bottles, and am happy to say I can eat three hearty meals a day and sleep soundly. I am glad that I can give all the credit to your wonderful medicines.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. M. C. SNOW.

May 14, 1890.

Standard Medicine Company,

Gentlemen: In reply to your letter in relation to PERUVIAN NERVE COMPOUND, I would say that I have used the formula in many cases of Nervous Prostration and Brain Exhaustion, and I consider it the finest combination of Nervine yet known to medical science. Its effects have been very satisfactory, I assure you.

Very truly yours,
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If you are reduced and wasted from dyspepsia, insomnia, loss of appetite, nervous prostration, or any disease relating to the nervous system, it will cure you.

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NEW
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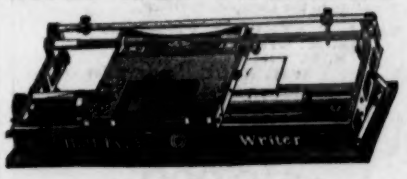

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"I wish to express my very great satisfaction with the Hall typewriter. Impressions and alignment are both more perfect than any other typewriter that I know, and it is simply a pleasure to use it. It is delightfully simple and manageable
(Signed), W. D. HOWELLS.

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A perfectly safe and pleasant substitute for chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas and all other anæsthetics. Discovered by Dr. U. K. Mayo, April, 1883, and since administered by him and others in over 300,000 cases successfully. Compounded from nervines, which form a powerful sedative, imparting oxygen to the system to sustain life. (Nitrous oxide gas as administered, is destitute of this life-giving property, and tends to produce convulsions and suffocation, asphyxia and sometimes death). The youngest child, the most sensitive lady, and those having heart disease and lung complaint, inhale this vapor with impunity. It stimulates the circulation of the blood and builds up the tissues. Indorsed by the highest authority in the professions, recommended in midwifery and all cases of nervous prostration. Physicians, surgeons, dentists and private families supplied with this vapor liquified, in cylinders of various capacities. It should be administered the same as Nitrous Oxide, but it does not produce headache and nausea as that sometimes does. I am prepared to administer the VEGETABLE VAPOR to patients at their residences, in or out of the city, who are feeble in health and are not able to call at my office.

☞ A fraudulent preparation is being manufactured by unprincipled persons, and palmed off upon dentists and the public, as the genuine "Boston Vegetable Vapor." The trade and public generally are hereby cautioned to particularly inquire for the "Boston Vegetable Vapor," which is the trade mark on all cylinders.

Physicians and Dentists are cordially invited to call and test the merits of this new Vegetable Vapor.

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